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HE WORLD, IN THE YEAR 1840.

RETROSPECT

OF THE

CHIEF EVENTS, CIVIL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS,

OF THE PAST YEAR,

IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

LONDON:
JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET.
1841.

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A list of nations by the ears,
From Nova Zembla to Algiers;
Of fights of Sultans and Pachas,
On matters worth so many straws;
While "non-intrusion" England dabbles
In all the feuds of all the rabbles.
A list of Humbug and its heroes,
Its Thiers, Van Burens, Esparteros,
Illustrious warriors of the pen,
Like bullfrogs, roaring from their fen:
The new Napoleons of the desk,
True models of the Grand Grotesque!
A list of crumbling Cabinets;
Of felons packed for sea in sets;
Of nonsense writ, and lies harangued,
By Irish patriots still unhanged;
Pence-saving Joe's financial plan;
The horrors of the tribe of Dan,
While Stanley's cutting-whip is plied
Upon their prostrate chieftain's hide,
And every roarer of "Repale,"
Quivers through all his length of tail!
The last bonmot of Palmerston,
When Peel was peppering Lord John;
Or scornful Lyndhurst, in the peers,
Was pulling Landsdowne's ass's ears.
The Throne, the Church, the Bar, the Stage,
You have their pictures in our page;
From prince to peasant, all are here,
The living harvest of the Year!

H. W. MARTIN AND CO., PRINTERS, BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS.

NOTICE.

THE following pages originally appeared in the successive numbers of the Britannia — a Saturday Newspaper, established for the purpose of advocating the old and honest cause of Church and State. How it has redeemed its pledge is best to be known by the rank, which, in less than two years, it has obtained among its contemporaries; —by the approval of the chief among those whose names will yet make a part of the National History,—by the influence which its opinions possess among the people, — and by the honorable confidence of the CONSERVATISM of the Empire.

1734304

A VIEW

OF

THE YEAR 1840.

THE close of the year naturally induces us to look back upon its course, and the sacred season with which it closes, gives a solemn and sacred colouring to the retrospect. It tells us that so much of the space allotted to individual life, and even to the mightier existence of the world itself, has passed away. It finishes with the season of Christian peace, and we may well be grateful to that Providence which overrules the vanities and violences of human power, that it has finished also in a season of civil tranquillity throughout the world. We never recollect a year which began with more alarming menaces of war. But all are now silent; the standards are furled; the vast armies which we saw ready to spring on each other, like roused tigers, have been remanded; the dissensions of startled cabinets have sunk into the quiet formalities of negotiation; the frenzy of conquest in the great military powers has

been checked by fear or cured by reason; Russia has recalled her troops from our Indian frontier; the fleet of France has returned from the Levant; her war-faction has been driven from office; and the incendiary of her councils has been cast down with a suddenness and heaviness of fall which ought to preclude his ever rising again. The power of England, however imperfectly brought into action, has been developed with brilliant success; and thus, the great pacificator on principle, having been made the victor in reality, has set the seal to the general bond of peace. This is the true panegyric of our country. None nobler can be given to a nation, than that her strength is the strength of *all;* her aggrandisement only an addition of honour to mankind, her most splendid success only an universal security, and the more impregnable, lofty, and uncircumscribed her authority, the happier for the rights, the knowledge, and the progress of every nation on the globe. At this hour then, all is peace round Europe. The surge of war, like the surge of the ocean, has been checked and controlled by the same luminary which divides the moral light from the darkness of the world.

EUROPE.

The aspect of European affairs always exhibits a curious variety, and probably that variety makes it only the more productive. If all was mountain or all

valley, all sunshine or all shower, what would become of the harvest? The plough that despaired of cutting through the perpetual rocks, would be equally baffled by the perpetual morass. "All is for the best," says the philosopher of the French romance, "in this best of all possible worlds." Voltaire laughs at him, but we think that he is in the right. We are Optimists.

What, after all, is the face of Europe but the face of man on a larger scale; a collection of huge features, born of the same blood, fed by the same nutrition, and filled with the same life. Each, it is true, the seat of a different passion. The French performing the nostril—fastidious, insolent, and upturned on every occasion, and at every thing else among mankind. The Germans the mouth—heavy, fleshy, happy and harmless, so long as it is employed in eating. The Spaniard the eyebrow — a showy inutility, continually elevated with nothing to do — the sign of superciliousness, the very concentration of arrogance, "vanitas vanitatum." The Italian the eye — smit with the glitter of life, tempted by gold, beauty, fine clothes, and the national *far niente*—a people of enthusiasts about maccaroni, and philosophers on cigars —dreaming of universal empire, while sleeping naked in the streets; and priding themselves on the fame of their ancestors, and the prospects of their posterity, while they are content with rags, fleas, and alms—the most self-satisfied, superb, and sunshine-loving beggars in the world.

But the year is a pantomime. What harlequinade was ever half so shifting as the twelve months that have just passed by? Nothing could be more true to the laws of the Stage, than the flourish of trumpets which preceded the rising of the great European Curtain. All was the pomp of war—France in all her mail; King, peers, and people, down to the gallant tailors and patriot perruquiers, who act the hero in the costume of the National Guard. Germany gathering her slow dukes, antiquated crown princes, and stiff chamberlains, all majesty and moustache. Russia, long bearded, strong and barbarous, the Northern "Pantaloon," with locks of snow, but legs and hands of enormous length, and capable of making an enormous spring, where there was anything to be got by its *outre* agility.

But then came the true sport of the season. Monsieur Thiers was suddenly seen throwing off his perriwig, armour, and embroidered waistcoat, and transformed into the smallest, yet the most eccentric, of Harlequins. A touch of his wand transformed everything, like himself. The potentates were turned into old women, armies into ombres Chinoises, and the earth into the moon. Then the scene shifted to London, with the Minister busy with alternate billet-doux and bombardments; then to Paris, with Louis Philippe, shot at by an army of air-guns from the planet Venus; then to Vienna, with Metternich, playing the invalid in Milanese flannel, and saturating himself with Mocha coffee; then to Russia, with Ni-

cholas sitting down to his dinner, and preparing for the pleasure of cutting a *capital* slice of Turkey at Christmas; then to Constantinople, with the Sultan riding a wooden horse in the seraglio, rocked by Lord Ponsonby pulling its head, and the French ambassador pulling its tail;—then to Alexandria, with the Pacha writing a letter of thanks to England for her services in Syria, and training a young crocodile as a present for her Majesty at Windsor. There has been the suitable quantity of tinsel displayed, and gunpowder expended — several pasteboard fleets, one or two castles battered by squibs, and, to adopt the regular style of the bills, "a grand assault on the batteries of a stupendous fortress; the whole to conclude with an unrivalled explosion." So finished the spectacle—the gas was put out, the smoke vanished, the curtain fell, the clowns, columbines, pantaloons, and punchinellos retired to throw off their frippery, the beef-eaters were dismissed, and the audience went to their homes. But politics, like theatres, shut up, only to open again; and the world is already informed, that new performances of the most stirring nature are in full preparation.

Yet on the whole, the prospect is encouraging. The year has given striking proof, that the great lessons of the revolutionary war have not been in vain. It has exhibited in the ruling powers an unexpected sense of the value of peace, and of the true means to preserve it. The great Conservative principle — the balance of power, has never been so fully realized,

since the days of that King, of "immortal memory," who at once consummated the British Constitution, and fought to establish the security of Europe. The sullen phantoms so lately summoned by France, the terrible shapes of universal War, Democracy, and Anarchy, have been defied by the common sense of nations, and sent back, to linger round the tomb of Napoleon, if they will. Yet, if France is ever to be wise, even that tomb might administer her highest wisdom. What could be a more solemn rebuke to the passion for conquest, than to see "to what ends it may come at last?"—To see the most brilliant of soldiers, the most powerful of sovereigns, the most popular chieftain of the most enthusiastic nation, and the most devoted army of the earth, stricken to the ground, at the moment when he seemed to have risen to a height beyond all human casualty?—the eagle withered by a flash from the very thunder-cloud on which it soared—the leader of nations dragged in the triumphal march of his captives, become his conquerors; the distributor of kingdoms bound to the limits of a dungeon; and even the restoration of his dust only a more solemn acknowledgment that he had died in the hands of his enemies. Peace be to him where he lies! But if France, like the old Roman king, or the Greek sage, will ever listen to any deeper wisdom than her own, we should send her to the tomb of Napoleon; there to consult his Genius, and hear the oracle against ambition. Yet we should suggest a still superior source of national wisdom—to leave the

dead to bury their dead, and recognize the living lessons, and follow the living steps of that Christianity, which, combining the noblest principles of human conduct with the most illustrious promises of the future, meets all the wants of kings and people together, and visibly leads up empires by the hand to Regeneration.

FRANCE.

The politics of France, from the commencement of the past year, unquestionably exercised the most powerful influence on the current of public affairs. In fact, the whole disturbance of their course was the work of France, and that work the restlessness of one man. Every individual bears the impress of his education. M. Thiers was trained a country attorney; and what he was in the provinces, with a rusty gown and receiving five sous fees, he was in Paris, wearing the costume of a minister, and wielding the treasury of Louis Philippe. He was the country attorney everywhere, and will be; until he bequeaths his bones to the Père la Chaise, and his memory to the oblivion that belongs to little men.

The country attorney must find business, or he must make it. The ministry of M. Thiers found Europe at peace. But M. Thiers in peace, was a mouse in an exhausted receiver. He might struggle and climb, but he must pant and perish. Who shall blame

him for biting a hole in his receiver, and letting in that atmosphere in which alone he could live? Before three months were past, every power of the continent was mustering troops, raising loans, marching armies of observation, and despatching couriers to the ends of the earth, loaded with packets of hostility. The country attorney congratulated himself on his performance—a suit, on the largest scale of litigation, was before him—kings were to be the clients, and nations were to pay the damages; while the costs were not to come out of his purse, and he was to have the taxing of his own bill. Nothing could be more prosperous to the eye. But this world is all uncertainty. The parties came to their senses; and their senses brought them to an arbitration. The cause became a dropped one; there were no costs, there was no bill, there was even no little lawyer. The parties, however, thought themselves compensated, by being saved from general ruin; and the country attorney at once lost his place, his practice, and was struck off the rolls.

France is a powerful, a brave, and a brilliant country. But Party is her tempter; and such it has been from time immemorial. She had mobs, mobleaders, and popular mischiefs; when her tribes had nothing to slay each other for, but acorns; and nothing to carry from the field of battle, but scalps. Cæsar, their conqueror, says, two thousand years ago, "The Gauls have a faction in every village." The folly of her three "glorious days of 1830," was the folly of the Ædui and Sequani, of the agueish dwellers in the

swamp, and the shivering savages of the naked hill. Europe desires to see France powerful, vivid, and intelligent: for thus alone France can fulfil her duties in the great process of general civilization. But Europe will not suffer her to be a mother of banditti —the Bedouins of the West, ready to spring out upon the peaceful traffic, and block up the common highway, of nations. She desires to see the throne of France fixed on a solid foundation; even if that be of the most dazzling materials,—gold, marble, or adamant,—she will neither covet nor care; she demands only that it shall be firm. But she will not suffer a throne to increase its height; which in a moment may topple over, and crush its neighbours. She will not suffer a great government to stand upon a magazine of gunpowder, which the touch of the first ruffian may explode, and scatter the blazing fragments round the world.

GERMANY.

Germany was tranquil during the year. It is a fine model of the "*Vis inertiæ;*" when still, it seems to be still for ever; it never moves but by being moved; and then it continues in motion, from the want of energy to stop. Germany thus carried on a thirty years' war against, for, with, and without, Protestantism. It thus carried on the seven years' war of Frederic and Maria Theresa. If the two sovereigns had been immortal, the war might have

gone on to this hour. No German ever thought of asking why they fought, for what, or how long. The "*Vis inertiæ*" carried all on.

Germany thus fought France from 1792 till 1815. Yet in this almost quarter of a century the objects of the war, the principles, the parties, everything had changed. France had run through the whole round of her frenzies;—was the furious child, the desperate bandit, the howling maniac, and the sullen, sad, nerveless slave. Yet, through the republic, the democracy, and the empire, Germany fought on; always beaten, often on the point of ruin, with all her capitals French head-quarters, all her kings fugitives, all her princes vassals; with her Imperial head under a French heel, and her most glittering diadems broken up to make stars and epaulettes for the French marshals, she still fought on. There was merit in this dogged bravery, but it is not merit of the heroic order. Homer compares Ajax, sullenly bearing the thousand blows of the Trojans, to the immovable ass; but when he describes the masters of the field, the true lords of war, the Hector or the Achilles; he looks to ardour, activity, and energy; he fills his canvas with colours and shapes from the magnificent and resistless influences of higher nature; the emblem of his hero is the whirlwind in its strength, the thunderbolt, the "autumnal star" that fills the sky with ominous fire, and shoots pestilence among the prostrate and trembling nations.

Germany is a strong-minded, strong-headed, and

strong-built nation, but it wants the ascending power of character. It makes its way wonderfully well along the ground, but it has never risen, nor thought of rising, upon the wing. It is now quiet again, and will sleep, till the next convulsion. The trumpet will not rouse it; nothing will shake it from its slumber, but the earthquake which flings it out of its bed.

SPAIN.

Spain, beginning the year under the civil regency of the Queen, suddenly transferred the government to the military regency of Espartero. Among the singularities of the time, the most singular would be to see Spain a Democracy — the gravest, most formal, and most indolent of nations suddenly starting into the fierce absurdities of Republican France; Spain picking up the soiled and bloody raiment which France threw off thirty years ago, and figuring in the eyes of Europe in the double part of the mendicant and the maniac. But deeper thoughts arise. Spain is disqualified for freedom; for her religion is incompatible with liberty. The slave of the priest must be in spirit a slave to every shape of power: or, throwing off the fetters of the priest, without learning the subordination of pure Christianity, he must transform abject slavery into furious licentiousness. If this condition of things should arrive, the sooner

Spain has a Dictator the better. The strait-waistcoat is the discipline for the lunatic; the lash and the fetter for the felon. But Spain has produced no Cæsar, and will produce none. The magnanimous clemency of the great Roman is beyond her. She will produce no Cromwell; she wants the solemn determination, the profound knowledge of human nature, and the systematic, deliberate courage. She may have a Cataline, subtle, sanguinary, and despotic, or be bowed down to an Antony, voluptuous, selfish, and prodigal. The soil may produce the political tiger, or the serpent, under the scorching heat of democracy; but the result will be its desertion by civilized life, and its abandonment to moral sterility. There is no hope for Spain, but in a change of religion.

Spain is undergoing repairs; but the workmen are ignorant, the nation is exhausted, and the architect is a soldier! Spain can never be *repaired* into a republic. The spirit of the soil is against this extravagance. Her empire has been for three hundred years a vast monastery. The fabric of her constitution was monkish; her king was only the father abbot, her people only the brethren and sisterhood, clerical and lay. The submission of the cell, the torpid regularity, the dull discipline, and the profitless indolence of the cloister, were the characteristics of the nation; as much, as if the massive walls of one huge convent stretched from Cadiz to Bayonne; as if the day was never seen but through windows painted with the legends of martyrdom; as if the

cope of heaven itself was substituted by roofs flourished with gothic tracery, and darkened with the smoke and stains of lamps and altars for ages.

The present innovators may break down this fabric, which, obsolete as it is, had its grandeur — but they will fail to raise even its equivalent. The world does not now possess the means or the spirit for such colossal expenditure. The time for erecting new constitutions, and new cathedrals, is gone by. If the Spaniard shall subvert the monarchy, he will live, like the beggar, in some fragment of its ruins; he will turn its vaults into habitation, and share the quarters of the fox and the worm in its tombs.

The change will be the worse the more complete it is; — until the beggar, himself, turns into the bandit, and the bandit into the savage. All mankind would rejoice to see Spain rising into the true enjoyment of its noble gifts of nature and mind, but she will never receive that inheritance from the hands of men like Espartero. He is too much on a level with his time. He differs too little from the race round him — the loose, lazy, cigar-loving, and bombast-breathing Spaniard of the nineteenth century. She wants a resurrection of the sixteenth. The man who is to lift up the drowned honour of Spain by the locks, must have the arm that can stem the wave, and the courage that can hazard life to rescue her from the depths at which her virtues have disappeared from the human eye. He must be a moral giant in heart and in head, the son of a loftier generation, perse-

vering and patriotic, incapable of the lower arts of ambition, contemptuous of the glitter of gold, or even of power, and possessing all the prouder qualities of the people, without their failings. Such only can redeem the character of a fallen country; as the Greeks formed the statues of their gods and heroes from a combination of all ideal excellence; and then attributed the beauty of their children to the grace and grandeur of their sculpture.

SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss have spent the year in perpetual strife, on the model of the war of the pigmies and cranes. The subject of those contests is too obscure to be discovered even by the minute curiosity of the journals. Like a family quarrel, the neighbourhood hears its noise, but cannot discover the secret. But Switzerland is one of the coldest countries of the earth, and domestic quarrels may be useful, in the absence of other modes of warming a frost-bitten people. They have certainly found out the art of disputing about straws, throwing away time, and embittering their little lives, beyond any people at present in existence. Their debates form a true caricature of "national grievance." "Rights withheld, wrongs inflicted, freedom crushed, man the slave of tyranny," ring through the speeches of their patriots with the vigour of mob-oratory in Ireland. They

want but the "chains of six hundred years," to complete the furniture of the national eloquence. And on the strength of this verbiage, Swiss demagogues rise into village renown! But, if they are in earnest about reform, let them reform their innkeepers, proverbially the most grasping vintners in Europe.

ITALY.

Italy, during the past year, has done nothing more than she has done during the last hundred. It is astonishing to see, how totally this land of fame has abandoned reputation, and how tranquilly the birthplace of the Castruccios and Machiavellis can look upon its own decay. It now resembles one of its own old countesses, still talking of her youthful conquests, and wearying the world with the history of her charms; but past even the use of curls and cosmetics, and resigning herself to the despair of an antiquated slattern.

But Naples has attempted to make for itself a niche in the history of this year. It was, like all the acts of the Parthenopæans, foolish in its conception, feeble in its execution, and ridiculous in its results. The Italian governments attract notice, only as the Signori, their singers, once acquired a voice — by being as unlike men as possible. The whole system is debility. Fiddlers and dancers are, with them, the shining lights of the earth; balls and operas the supreme glory of

mankind; billiards and billet-doux the happiest arts of civilization; and macaroni and moonshine the grand essentials of existence. There is no more unaccountable problem, than that Fortune should have given some of the finest portions of the earth to the most trifling or most barbarous of the species — that the Turk should be lord of Ionia, and the Italian command the loveliness and vine-crowned hills of Campania.

Among all the vexatious absurdities of political strife, the most ridiculous, and yet the most perplexing, would be a war with Naples. What! quarrel with the country from which we get our anchovies and ortolans, the donnas of the Queen's theatre, and *chansons* innumerable? The man who beats a woman brings a stigma on himself for life, and what else must be the result of striking the effeminate impudence of Naples.

A contract for sulphur, which was given to some French adventurers, in defiance of an old stipulation with the English merchants, was the alleged cause of quarrel. But as the Neapolitans have neither ships, nor soldiers, and we were safe, for awhile, from a blockade of the Thames, or a conflagration of London, we attempted to appease the wrath of his miniature majesty, patted him on the check, and sent him a minister with a present of *bonbons*. Yet, the "soothing system" was never more unproductively adopted. The minister, a brother of Lord Palmerston, ex-

pressly taught by his Lordship to insinuate himself into the favour of courts—

"Win by a bow, and fetter with a smile,"

might as well have eaten his own *bonbons*. Naples assumed the majesty of an offended opera dancer. The Lords in waiting and maids of honour were duly drilled, and pledged themselves to die for their country. All Europe was infinitely amused. It was a better military ballet than ever had been seen in the St. Carlo. "*La Revolte du Harem*" was tame to this superb ebullition of tinsel and patriotism. At length a couple of English men-of-war were seen, moving under easy sail, on one of the finest evenings of autumn, in the direction of Capri. They had been sent at the suggestion of Lord Lyndhurst, one of that Opposition which was in the habit of governing the Government. The effect was incomparable. War instantly "smoothed its wrinkled front;" the lords in waiting and maids of honour piled their arms, and declared the campaign at an end; the English Commodore was invited to a ball; the contract was renewed; the Court returned to its natural quadrilles, and Naples luckily escaped that lesson which has since been so expressively given at Acre.

TURKEY.

The condition of Turkey for the last twelve months resembled the most fluctuating times of Europe. It had altogether lost the Eastern character, that state of gradual, dull, and steady decline which has marked its career since the beginning of the century. It was no longer like one of its great Asiatic swamps, quietly buried under that eternal fog which at once hides them from the human eye, and prohibits human drainage. It was alternately swept by storm, and even enlightened by sunshine—each too brief to effect any permanent change, but both new to the mighty mass of stagnation which has so long covered the lovely regions of Eastern Greece and Western Asia.

From 1830 Mohammed Ali had been undisputed master of Egypt. Mahmoud was the dying lion, and the jackals which had once been content to follow, and feed upon the remnants of his prey, had begun to hunt for themselves. In 1832, the Pacha of Egypt rushed into Syria—trampled all before him —drove Abdallah, the Pacha of Acre, into his fortress —crushed him there — laughed at the Sultan for sending firmans against battalions and squadrons— marched his columns over the Libanus—and when, at last, Mahmoud sent his army to contest the sov-

reignty of Syria, met it on the Asiatic plains, and extinguished it at a blow.

But higher powers interfered. Turkey was too important to the peace of Europe to be abandoned to the rapine of an invader, who, in his turn, must have retreated before the first shock of Russia, leaving Constantinople as the prize of his conqueror. England, France, Austria and Prussia combined their councils, and Mohammed Ali was forced to abandon the mighty prey, when all but in his grasp. The Sultan, who had fought in vain for Syria, in the plains of Asia, now fought equally in vain for Asia in the Syrian hills; the battle of Nezib annihilated his last army. But he was spared the pang of knowing his defeat. He was on his death-bed, before it was fought; he was dead, before the intelligence of its slaughter arrived.

Thus passed away, in the midst of national calamity, Mahmoud the ill-starred; a man of great views and great powers, yet, in all things disastrous; throwing off prejudices only to plunge into misfortunes; executing bold reforms only to shake the foundations of his empire; by an effort of unexampled resolution freeing his government from the incumbrance of a licentious soldiery, and yet by this act only stripping Turkey of its armour. In his reign he saw the two horns of the Ottoman Crescent, Greece and Egypt, rent away—the first sign of total eclipse which had come, since the day when Mohammed the Second rode in at the breach of Constantinople,—the whole

career of the Sultan holding forth the moral, of the uselessness of talent without prudence; the hazard of rudely assailing the old institutions of a country; and the necessity of raising the national character, before reforming the government of an empire.

If the dead have eyes for this world, with what cloudy frowns and glances of fire must the shades of his ancestors have met the ascending spirit of the Sultan.

But a new crisis arose. In France, an individual from the lowest ranks of political turbulence had been accidentally flung up to the highest. He had found himself suddenly in the presence of senates, of sovereigns, of nations, before he had time to divest himself of faction. He stood in the midst of a circle of crowned heads, princes, and diplomatists—a world of court suits; while he still wore his old mob uniform. July, 1830, was the epoch of his political birth, the furthest date of his memory; the livery of Lafitte the only clothes in his wardrobe. In this emergency he spoke the only language which he had ever learned. The *patois* of the street orator poured from the lips of the royal functionary. Then all France was summoned to give force to his folly, and all France sang the "Marseillaise." Then Europe was ordered to bow down to the embroidered footstool, on which the little Minister lifted himself up to the stature of a man; the French dock-yards rang with the hammer; the journals trumpeted the national wrath round the world; armies were ordered

to move to the frontiers, fleets to cover the seas; and the Minister, pen in hand, at the head of his clerks, prepared to march to the conquest of the terrestrial globe. The Minister was now a Napoleon; yet as palpably superior to his original, as campaigns in the portfolio are to campaigns in the field; as building castles in the air is to capturing them on earth; and as ridicule is to renown. But even this heroism was short-lived.

The King had much to lose, though the Minister had nothing. If the King was overthrown, he had only to mount the scaffold; if the Minister were tossed out of place, he had only to return to his paragraphs; if the kingdom were invaded by the roused and indignant strength of Europe, it must be ruined; if the Minister were tried by a jury of poissardes, and hanged by the majesty of the rabble, the world would have only a scribbler the less; while France would probably gain a dozen pleasant burlesques on his memory, and Europe another moral of the absurdities of a *parvenu*. Accordingly, the Minister fell, and a general burst of laughter was his epitaph.

But, in the interval which France employed in threatening, England acted. She sent her fleet and troops to execute the Quadruple Treaty—left the orators of France to make speeches, and the singers of France to chaunt the Marseillaise—and thundered on the coasts of Syria. An expedition of a month did the work of the deliberations of years. The

stronghold of Syria, the renowned fortress of Acre, was struck to the ground in three hours by a storm from the mouths of the British cannon; the Pacha's army was compelled to treat for the abandonment of the country; Alexandria was blockaded, the old Pacha reduced to submission, and the war gloriously at an end.

The Sultan is now master of Syria, if he has the sense to govern it, or the manliness to defend it. But he must tyrannize over it no longer. We look for mighty changes in those countries. The Ottoman must no longer be suffered, like the starving and hideous dogs that prey on the corpses thrown up by the Bosphorus; to strip the flesh and muscle from the body of this once great land, while we are engaged in the process of resuscitation. We must do more than recover Syria. We have no right to bring it to life, unless we protect it from the misery that drove it to despair. We must not rescue the slave, only to see him loaded again with the chain. It is our duty to see that the Ottoman plays the barbarian no longer with the brave men who have fought by our side, and shared our victory. The British musquets in their hands are our mutual pledge. They will never look upon them without remembering the time, the cause, and the triumph.—The household Gods of the Gentile were lifeless, compared to the protecting influence of those arms hung on the walls of the cottagers of Lebanon. England must redeem her pledge. If the Ottoman shall ever unsheathe the scymitar, it

must be broken in his grasp; the Turkish savage must be tamed by the same hand that expelled the Egyptian.

ENGLAND.

The history of the Cabinet during the last year has been that of a party continually declining, though not yet wholly undone. The successes of the Syrian campain, and the result of those more dubious enterprizes which are employing our troops and ships in the East, may add to their temporary existence. But the Ministry, for the last five years, have been a water-logged ship; sunk to the edge of the surge, though still floating; not daring to hoist a sail, for fear of being on their beam-ends at once; nor to give the rudder a turn, for fear of running on the first shoal. Blown on at the mercy of every gust, the decks swept by every wave, on they go, waiting on chance, hoping that some help may come from some stray wanderer; and, after all, looking to the mere work of time and the tide of things, to carry their mastless and shattered hulk into harbour.

But no British Ministry has ever been able to live on the successes of its foreign policy. Its vitality depends upon the national feeling. The triumph of a day glitters but for the day; and the Roman soldier, marching to the Capitol behind the car of his victorious general, might as well think of living upon

the laurels round his standard, or take the smoke of the incense in place of his year's pay, as a British Ministry draw substantial strength from any other nutriment than the solid approval of the empire. Even the unparalleled victories of Marlborough could not sustain his Whig Ministry. It perished, with France at its feet, and the world in admiration.

The reason is sufficient—the true trial of a Ministry, like the true power of a people, is at home. Foreign war is a showy, but distant and unsubstantial, thing; — the splendour of a remote luminary, when we want a lamp in the hand. The relief of a tax, the extinction of a severe law, or the adoption of one manly measure of public improvement, might be of more importance than the victory which echoes from "China to Peru." Still, the tree is worse than barren, of which we see the fruits only in the gazette of the killed and wounded. We never doubt the bravery of our troops. The country knows that they have only to fight, and be suffered to fight, to be sure of victory. But England judges of Ministers by qualities beyond the lottery of foreign war. She demands directness of purpose, unquestionable vigour of conduct, and incorruptible soundness of principle. She cannot tolerate hypocrisy, however fortunate; nor give palpable helplessness credit for the work of counsel and valour.—She has never reckoned lucky idiots among her great men. Thus, the Whigs have been going down, almost from the first moment of office. Their whole course has been on an inclined plane.

But we come to statements which set the question at rest. Whig ascendancy, in our time, was the offspring of the riots of Paris, an ominous, but a characteristic parentage. The "Three Glorious Days" inspired the long-prostrate faction with the hope of power. As the sound of a storm brings out the wreckers, the overthrow of the French dynasty brought the whole body of the Whigs trooping from their dens. "Down with the throne!" was the war-hoop of Paris; "Reform!" was the watchword here; and, in 1831, the Whigs obtained *their* Parliament by their memorable "means to the end." In 1832 the Reform Bill began its operation, and the new Parliament, compounded of Papist, Radical, and Whig, was almost the perfection of the system.—The Conservatives numbered scarcely 150 members — the Ministerialists upwards of 500! The natural result exhibited itself instantly; every part of the Constitution was convulsed — the Bishops were haughtily commanded to "set their house in order" — the Lords were threatened with being *swamped* — the Commons were all-powerful!

In 1833, the chief divisions were: —

	For	Against
On the Irish Church Bill	317	... 78
On the Vote of Confidence (Affairs of Portugal)	361	... 93
On the Irish Church Bill	274	... 94

The *working majority*, 300.

In 1834, the appropriation clause was tried, and the country began to awake to the spirit of Whiggism. The two great divisions were :—

	For		Against
Admission of Dissenters to Universities	321	...	147
Irish Tithe Bill	235	...	171

The majority at the opening of this session, 200. Before the close, 150.

1835 opened with a new Parliament; the Whigs had already lost the people; they now scarcely reached a majority of 50. The great divisions of 1835 were: —

	For		Against
On the Irish Church Bill (Appropriation Clause)	322	...	289
On the Irish Church Bill (Appropriation Clause)	317	...	282
On the Irish Corporation Bill	267	...	176
On the Irish Corporation Bill	262	...	234

The Whig majority from 40 to 50.

1836. Continuance in office had added somewhat to their strength. The chief divisions were: —

	For		Against
On the Address	234	...	243
On the Irish Corporation Bill	307	...	243
On the Irish Corporation Bill	260	...	199
On the Irish Tithe Bill	300	...	261

The average majority, 50.

1837. The great divisions were: —

	For		Against
On the Irish Corporation Bill	322	...	242
On the Church Rates Bill	273	...	250
On the Irish Corporation Bill	302	...	247
On the Order in Council	278	...	242
On the Church Rate Bill	287	...	282
On the Commission of Church Leases	319	...	236

Thus, twice the majority of 80, but once it had fallen to 5.

In 1838, the Whigs had again a House of Commons. But their strength was sinking. The main divisions of the session were: —

	For		Against
On Foreign Policy (Lord Sandon)	316	...	287
On Church Leases	277	...	241
On Church Instruction	265	...	254
On the Irish Tithe Bill	317	...	298
On the Irish Corporation Bill	286	...	266

The standing majority about 30.

1839. The divisions of the session were: —

	For		Against
On the Irish Policy	318	...	296
On the Jamaica Bill	294	...	289
On the Jamaica Bill	267	...	257
On National Education	280	...	275
On National Education	275	...	273

Thus, in this session, the Ministerial power was constantly on the verge of extinction; — for what are majorities of five, ten, or even fifteen, to a Ministry.

1840. The Cabinet still sank; it had long and palpably lost popular confidence; it now lost even Whig arrogance and audacity; it lost every thing but office, which it was determined to keep. To the abandonment of salary, no humiliation could force it. When it was overthrown night after night, it clung to the knees of the Opposition, and was satisfied if it was spared. When lashed with indignant reprobation, or pierced with more stinging ridicule, Ministers bore their punishment without wincing; and if they were still but suffered to throw the cloak of office over their shoulders, were ready to undergo the laceration again. But the constant use of the lash either maddens, or unmans. The Cabinet sank into the extreme of timidity. Nothing but absolute necessity could now force it to bring forward any substantial measure. It figured in routine, laboured to do nothing, and was intrepid alone in resolving not to give an opinion on any subject whatever. The Conservatives challenged it night after night; the challenge was answered only by dumb submission or smirking effrontery, or, in the phrase of Gibbon, "with a sigh or a smile." The Conservatives threw down the gauntlet, in a motion, "that Ministers had lost the confidence of the nation." This was a question of life and death, and they lived, by a bare majority of twenty-one. But, more rejoiced at their escape than proud of their victory, they dared not fling back the gauntlet again; and, on the Chinese question, they were within *ten*

of Ministerial despair. The chief divisions of the session were: —

	For the Ministry.		Against them.
On Sir J. Y. Buller's motion	308	...	287
On Mr. Herries' motion	172	...	182
On Mr. Liddell's motion	212	...	240
On Sir J. Graham's motion	271	...	261
On the Ludlow writ	215	...	226
On Lord Stanley's bill	234	...	250
On Lord Stanley's bill	298	...	301
On Lord Stanley's bill	195	...	206
On Lord Stanley's bill	296	...	289
On Lord Stanley's bill	271	...	275

On those ten great divisions, Ministers could muster only 2472 votes, or 247 in each, on an average; while the Opposition brought forward 2517, or 251 in each, on an average.

To all practical purposes the Whig majority was annihilated!

One more view of the question. It is this — their progress downwards has been unceasing. Year by year their majorities have declined.

1833	Majority	300
1834	Majority	150
1835	Majority	50
1836	Majority	50
1837	Majority	30
1838	Majority	30
1839	Majority	10
1840	Majority	0

We are to remember, that, during all those conflicts, the Whigs have been *the Ministry;* commanding the whole patronage of the empire; stooping to the employment of every party, and every man of every party; placarding a *name* at the head of their firm, which ought never to be dragged into the trade of politics; and bitterly excluding every man, of whatever rank of talents, public character, or acknowledged virtue, who did not wear the brand of Whiggism, the "mark of the Beast, in his right hand or on his forehead." Let it be remembered, too, that they have already made more Peers, than were created in the whole sixty years of the reign of George the Third; that they have called, from land and water, commissionerships as thick as the frogs of Pharoah, and almost as national a plague; and they have had the Papist tail, the Dissenter tail, and the Radical tail, trailing perpetually after them; that they have had at their call the refugees, waverers, and mercenaries of all ranks; all those political *condottieri* who know nothing of a banner but its pay; the whole troop of political Jackalls, who follow the march of party only to feed upon the spoils of place; — and yet, that with all this enormity of patronage, and all this use, they are daily on the point of dissolution; that, nominally in office, they are utterly destitute of power; and that even of that office they are hourly approaching to the end; that like a garrison, stipulated to surrender at a given time, they are now living on conditions, with

all thought of defence gone by, the breach open, the battlements down, and the enemy drawn up before the gate. Looking upon these things, who can doubt that Whiggism is the scorn of England!

PORTUGAL.

Portugal, during the latter half of the year, has been making the experiment of a new constitution. Her march of mind is the march of mobs. We have wonderfully improved upon the tardiness of our ancestors. In their days, a constitution was the slowest of all possible things: it now runs on with the speed of an unbroken horse; and the wild animal bolts off the road, breaks his knees, and finishes his mortal career in a ditch, before the trained one has passed the first turnpike. Within the last ten years, Portugal has had four constitutions, and as many insurrections; the one following the other, as an essential to its glory. Whatever astronomers may pretend, the comet without a fiery tail, makes no figure in the hemisphere.

By her last system, Portugal is freest of the free (except when the rabble of Lisbon choose to settle the state), her church is independent (until the populace shall issue an order for its confiscation), and her throne inviolate (until it shall please the paupers of the capital to erect in its place the smith's anvil, or the cobbler's stool). Yet, in the midst of all this good fortune, the whole kingdom has been thrown into the

most extraordinary confusion, discontent, and decay. Bitter factions and roving banditti, mingled folly and ferocity, public tumult, and disordered finance, are gnawing the strength of a nation which once produced heroes and sages—the Henrys and Alphonsos, the great discoverers of the East and West, the conquerors of India, and Lords of Brazil. Thus, the worms come, when the soul has fled: factions feed, when the spirit of a people has gone into "thin air." Yet those transitions are dangerous. The lobster casts his shell once a year; and naturalists tell us, that in his interval of nakedness, there are ten times more lobsters eaten by fish, bird, and reptile, than in all the rest of their existence. A new shell may cover the survivors, but what comfort is there in its armour to the devoured. Spain, finding Portugal in the *transitive* state, stands ready to swallow her up. Sixty thousand of the laziest and loudest-talking warriors on the face of the earth have come, cigar in mouth, and musket in hand, to give her the fraternal embrace, and teach her the value of a mob constitution.

AMERICA.

We shall give but a glance at America. The last "four years' king" of the States has been deposed, and a new four years' King has been set up in his room. The fallen dynasty swear, that they have

been driven out by corruption worse than ever made an Indian drunk, and by violence worse than ever robbed him of his lands! The successful party swear, that their opponents had rotted the country into a moral morass, and that they were buried in their own slough by the law of gravitation.

America is great in all things—Europe is no "Joseph," but the dashing rakishness of the western Charles Surface astonishes the timid vices of the Old World. The journals charge each side with an extravagance of bribery, which must beggar one-half of the population, to vitiate the other. What is finally to become of the moral frame which, once in every four years, is thus thrown into a raging epidemic?—what of the brains of a people which, every four years thus solicit frenzy?—what of the Constitution which, after swallowing political drams for every year of the four, at last concludes with a general carousal, in the shape of a delirium tremens?

Yet while nine-tenths of the soil remain a desert, and the democracy can throw off its steam into the wilderness, the boiler may not burst. But this condition of things was never made to last—the desert will be peopled. Then the public passions, stimulated by the public necessities, will come into irresistible action. Against a disturbing force of this order there is no provision in Republics. Circumscription brings it into a direct struggle with the public tranquillity. The instincts of the wolf and the tiger may be suffered, while they have the forest for their range; but

shut them up for prey or pastime within the boundaries of the village, and we shall then know the work of their teeth and talons. The first moment which shall see the United States forced to keep their population within their own limits; the first moment when the American can no longer roam, like the buffalo, through the wilderness; but must take the yoke on his neck and pay for his provender with his toil, then shall we see the butting of heads and the plunging of horns!

The *providential* purpose of British America has been, to people the wilderness. Republicanism is essential to the spread of the population; all the principles of its government are *centrifugal;* the collisions of party separate the mass, and establish the principle of disunion. The American settles himself a thousand miles off, leaves his kindred behind him, and feels as much at home as if he had moved but a thousand yards. This is the way to make savage men, but populous nations. M. de Tocqueville harangues on this, like a Charlatan astonished at his own wonders.

But it is when this purpose is completed, that the true trial will have commenced. Political prophecy may be a dream; but the laws of nature are irreversible. If the feeble and irregular currents of popular violence in a country of scarcely thirteen millions are too strong for the Government even now, how wildly will it be whirled, and how hopelessly shattered, when it shall have to meet a roaring ocean of

popular will? What must be the ruin of those feeble substitutes for European institutions, those strongholds of sand and battlements of dust, those paper buttresses, behind which America shelters her Government, when the unlimited array of public impulses, physical force without bounds, and popular supremacy without principle, is marched to their assault? In fifty years more the population of the States alone may be fifty millions; and of those, every man busied in politics, feverish with faction, feeding on party, breathing the heated atmosphere and drinking the strong drink of political excitement, all commotion, —all turbulence, terror, and fire!

Wanting a national church, a hereditary peerage, and a throne, America wants all that the wisdom of mankind has adopted as the great antagonist expedients to the separation of empire. She exults in their absence; but it is the exultation of the crew in throwing the ballast out of the ship; the foolish exultation of the settler in the wilderness, when he discovers a plain denuded of trees, and has to learn that barrenness is his only compensation for the loss of their native majesty and their protecting shade. The Americans are proud of their Republicanism, reconciled to its hazards by its exclusiveness, and contemptuous of every other nation which is not fond of living on the edge of revolution, with full knowledge that the soil is undermined, and must fall in before long. Thus the Neapolitans are proud of their burning mountain, and look with scorn on capi-

tals unhappily incapable of being calcined by eruptions, or buried in ashes.

THE SPANISH REPUBLICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The Spanish Republics in South America exhibit the most singular phenomena in history. They attempted to unite Popery with freedom. The failure of the experiment was worthy of its extravagance. The old poetic tyranny, which bound the living to the dead, was realized in the actual governments which made the Popish slave a partner with the South American freeman. The result has been a perpetual struggle of the discordant elements, and a state of barbarism, insecurity, and violence, unparalleled in the world. Their Governments are perpetually rising and falling, and they always rise and fall in a shower of blood. There is no peaceful change; no growth of power; like that growth of nature which insensibly and gratefully covers the land with new productiveness; every new party succeeds only by the sword; the robes in which the new faction assumes the supremacy are inevitably dyed in the blood of the last possessors; and the place of power differs from the place of execution only in point of time.

ABYSSINIA.

But we have news from Abyssinia. It may vex the South Americans to learn, that assassinations,

conspiracies, and revolutions may be perpetrated by the African savage in as luxuriant abundance, if with inferior dexterity.

The last intelligence is, that OUBIE, the King of Tigre, had been poisoned by one of his generals, who, being in love with one of the royal wives, had conspired with her. The crime, however, was incomplete. The King swallowed an antidote, which restored him, and then came the time for the general and the sultana to tremble. But the King was seized with a caprice of mercy unheard of in the Abyssinian annals. Instead of cutting off the heads of all the conspirators (eight in number), he only cut off their right arms, and turned them loose to beg their bread, and proclaim his royal clemency. The delinquent sultana was only whipped with serpent skins, shaved of her ringlets, forbidden the use of cosmetics for a month, and put under a regimen of the court physician until her taste for conspiracy should be cooled.

But in Abyssinia, as in France, the capital sets the fashion in every thing. The King's brother was also poisoned in his province, was restored by an antidote, and immediately began to proclaim a general war. He fortified the chief city of his government with "*forts détachés*" of mud; and, having waited only for the dry season to finish them in an *enceinte continuée* of clay, formed an alliance offensive and defensive with RAS ALI, the King of Gondar, with whom he is to invade Tigre in the Abyssinian spring, which begins on the first of September. GUEBRE RAFAEL

(a diplomatist of the deepest black) the prime minister of RAS ALI, has declared himself for a *paix armée*; and, having raised a battalion of pikewomen from the supernumerary wives of his Majesty, has announced his determination of conquering all Africa, and at once driving the French on the north, and the English on the south, into the sea. This African THIERS was originally a slave, was brought up as a scribe, was then slipper-carrier to the Vizier, and, having turned out his patron, became Prime Minister in his room. He is a little man, with an enormous head, wears the largest pair of spectacles in Abyssinia, and talks the biggest of any negro within the tropics. His knowledge of European politics is derived from a French captain of a slaver; and he, of course, regards the "man of the Barricades," as the model of a minister, and says that, between them, they might conquer the globe.

After this general glance at the world we come to the facts of the year in their succession.

JANUARY 1.—John Frost was placed on his trial at Monmouth, before a special Commission, on the charge of High Treason. Frost had raised a Chartist insurrection among the miners and iron-workers in Wales; had attacked Newport with an armed force; had fired on the royal troops; and had been taken in arms. The insurrection was undisguised,

bloody, and revolutionary; it had been prevented from covering the whole country with flame and slaughter, only by the firmness of the soldiery and the decision of the Mayor of Newport. The fact, the treason, and the traitor were before the public, and the scaffold seemed inevitable. But, to the astonishment of every one, his counsel took an objection, "that the prisoner had not been furnished with a copy of the indictment and a list of the witnesses at the same time." The trial proceeded, and Frost was found guilty. But the objection was valid, and the public astonishment that so fatal an error should have been suffered to exist, has not yet subsided. Frost was *not* hung, but was banished with two fellow-traitors to Australia. To the fresh astonishment of the empire, intelligence has just been received, that the three traitors, instead of being even sent to work out the remainder of their lives in chains, are at this moment enjoying three public appointments!

A letter from Frost to his wife, read by his son at the late Chartist meeting at Bristol (January 11, 1841), dated Port Arthur, Van Diemen's Land, July 21, 1840, says—"I was not sent here for what is called punishment. The Governor told us repeatedly, that we were not sent to Port Arthur as a punishment, but *to fill certain offices!* Williams is a *superintendent* at the coal mines! Jones fills a situation at the Juvenile Establishment!" And *I am in the office of the Commandant*, that is, the Governor of Port

Arthur! I am acting here as clerk, and hitherto the labour has not been heavy." We dare say not. There are hundreds of respectable men in the colony, who would be glad to have his office, and thousands of respectable men at home who would be equally glad. Who shall now say, that "Virtue is its own reward!"

JANUARY 1.—On this day, died Count Hyacinthe Louis de Quelan, Archbishop of Paris, a man marked for the highest stations of the Gallican church; for he was a handsome man, an accomplished courtier, and knew the value of a showy sinecure with the tact of a Frenchman. There was but one mistake in his history: he ought to have been born a hundred and fifty years ago, and figured in the reign of Louis Quatorze.

In his latter years he turned to theology, and wisely choosing a subject on which proof was impossible and conjecture inexhaustible, he filled up his years with propagating the doctrine, "that the Virgin Mary was born free from original sin." As the Revolution has sponged out all theology in France, the Archbishop was suffered to paddle about on the little pond which he had dug for his private recreation. Convincing nobody, perplexing himself, and amusing the multitude, he perhaps fulfilled all that he was ever designed for, and died at 62, regretted by his Grace's chaplains.

JANUARY 5.—The tea war began. The Emperor of China, after long calling the English "barbarians and blockheads," now imperially called them "poisoners and pirates," and ordered them to be outlawed to the end of all time. He gave a "peacock's tail of honour" to Admiral Kwan, for being beaten by the enemy's ships; and a "blue button of glory" to the Governor Lin, for having run away. A decree was issued, ordering a general invasion of India, to be followed by a general attack on the British colonies; for which purpose, a chief Mandarin was sent to Amsterdam, to hire bum-boats; and another to seduce the French Cabinet into an alliance by samples of souchong; and having done all this, the Emperor left the course of nature and the loss of tea, to finish hostilities.

JANUARY 7.—Died, William Hilton, a royal Academician, a man of ability in his profession, but wanting the one great talent which constitutes eminence—originality. His pencil was correct, but not brilliant—vigorous, but not daring—and animated, but not creative. Unwisely disregarding the two essentials of English popularity in his art, the study of colour, and the painting of pictures not too large to be bought, he reaped but little of the fruits of fortune. But he was intelligent, and accomplished, and died too soon for his friends or his fame.

JANUARY 9.—Died, in her 60th year, the Dowa-

ger Marchioness of Hastings, a woman as noble in her mind as in her rank; the widow of the distinguished person so long known as the Earl of Moira, a soldier of first-rate ability, holding a high rank in the Senate, and one of the most sincere and influential friends of George the Fourth. The latter days of the Marchioness were shadowed by the melancholy fate of her daughter, Lady Flora Hastings; who, surrounded by the intrigues of party, and having no other protection than her own innocence, died of a broken heart, to the great sorrow of the nation. Shakespeare, has written the truest epitaph of the estimable and ill-used Lady Flora Hastings: —

> "Done to death by slanderous tongues,
> Was the Lady that here lies,
> Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
> Gives her fame that never dies.

JANUARY 10.—The New Penny Postage came into act — a contrivance to make correspondence easy to the populace, who never correspond; and cheap to the ranks, who were willing to pay; thereby depriving the nation of a million sterling a year, to which no one objected, and compelling them to fill up its place by taxes obnoxious to every one. It had, however, the merit of putting an end to franks —a triple evil, by their plundering the revenue, tempting foolish people to scribble superfluous letters, and impeding the progress of "liberality" by compelling

the "Friends of the People" to learn to write, before they got into Parliament.

JANUARY 13.—The American steam-boat *Lexington* blew up, destroying one hundred persons. "A melancholy accident," say the journals. Most "melancholy," we allow, but no accident. In America everything is explosive; church, state, man, multitude, congress and constitution, sects and steamboats, all are on the high pressure principle. They are all made for velocity, vapouring, and "going ahead;" all for racing and ruin. "How to get safe to the journey's end" is the tardy maxim of The Old World in conveyances and constitutions; how to get soon is the popular problem of The New. We must admit that, in both conveyances and constitutions, the old country has been lately borrowed from beyond the Atlantic. But this mile-a-minute speed is not natural to John Bull; and after having broken his bones the necessary number of times, he will be content to go on at the usual rate. Yet those catastrophes make a country known, and America must seek celebrity somewhere. Thus Ireland keeps her name in the mouths of mankind by faction-fights, shooting magistrates, and burning houses round the ears of parsons.—A nation must not be defrauded of its fame; the blaze of popular renown must never perish for want of faggots, no matter where they are to be found.

The American steamers run races with each other, with a wager on which shall blow up first. In England we are trying to emulate them with our rail-roads. Still the steam boat, on the Yankee plan, has evident advantages. The rail-road seldom crushes more than from a dozen to twenty persons at a time. The steam-boat may carry from five hundred to a thousand, and, if blown up with any degree of skill, may send every one of them to the crocodiles of the Missisippi, or plunge them piecemeal down the cataracts of Niagara.

JANUARY 16.—The Queen opened Parliament, and Parliament opened the campaign. The enemy in the field was John Joseph Stockdale. The conflict continued during three-fourths of the session, ending in the escape of John Joseph, and the capture of the two sheriffs of London; who remained in the speaker's custody,—the only trophies of the war.

JANUARY 24.—The Bishop of Exeter moved the House of Lords for an inquiry into the progress and purposes of Socialism. Nothing ever so much astonished Ministers as the statements of the Right Reverend Lord. In the innocence of their souls, they had fondly imagined Socialism to be simply some new species of rustic game, invented to relieve the pastoral *ennui* of the people; and taken their pikes for leaping-poles, and their ball-cartridges for squibs. The Bishop's detail, that they were building chapels

for atheism, and assembly-rooms for sedition, was palpably met with all the wonder of guileless hearts on the part of the Cabinet; but the Bishop persevered, and the Socialism was finally acknowledged to be "a nuisance," and ordered to be abated.

JANUARY 27.—Prince Albert's pension came before the House of Commons. The sum originally intended for this fortunate Prince was £100,000, a year. This was cut down by the Cabinet to £50,000, and the fifty thousand was mulcted to £30,000 by the economy of the House.

FEBRUARY 5.—Padre Tomaso, a Romish friar, with his servant, travelling on a mission in Syria, were found murdered in Damascus. The murder was charged on the fanaticism of the Jews, and the charge was corroborated by the old accusations of their solemnizing the Passover with Christian blood. The Turks habitually load the Jews with every crime in the calendar; and Turkish justice, being always cruel where either Jews or money are concerned, and, of course, doubly so where both, they bastinadoed the unfortunate people, in proportion to their means of buying off the executioner. But, the eyes of Europe were indignantly drawn to this atrocity, and remonstrances were made by the Christian Powers, which put an end to the torture.

But another work was to be done. The Jewish character was to be cleared. This was not so simple

an operation. The British Jews, with justified disdain, rejected the charge of mixing their great Sacrifice with cannibalism, and appealed to their law for the national abhorrence of the crime. Yet, on the other hand, it was contended, that what could not be done in the civilization of Europe, might be done in the barbarism of Asia; that there might be fanatics among the Jews now, as there were rebels in other times; and that Syria might have her teachers of guilty traditions, as Palestine had before; for, though idolatry was prohibited in the strongest manner to their forefathers, nothing could be more notorious than that ancient Israel had often nationally committed the crime.

To set those knotty points at rest, Sir Moses Montefiore (an excellent man) was sent on the part of the London Jews, to purify the national character, by a full inquiry into the transaction. But his diplomacy was no match for the cunning of Asia; he was blinded by the Jew, baffled by the Egyptian, bullied by the Turk, and "talked over" by the Christian. He travelled "from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren!" He roamed from Alexandria to Damascus, and from Damascus to Constantinople; saw a great deal, talked a great deal, and paid a great deal; but, so far as the point of clearing the character of the Syrian Jews was concerned, he might as well have remained in his London villa. We give him full credit for intention, but nothing has yet transpired in the shape of acquittal; the *examination has been post-*

poned; the charge thus remains; and, unless more strenuous measures are adopted in vindication, the mission of this very respectable man will be worse than ineffectual. It is said, that he is to renew his inquiry. We live in hope. Where he is now, we know not; if he is not bow-stringed, we presume that he will come up, when everything else comes up, in the Spring. We shall be glad to hear that he is not slumbering already in the mummy-pits of the Pacha, or preserved in the museum of his Highness the brother of the Sun and Moon.

FEBRUARY 6.—Lord Colchester moved for a return of the actual strength of the British navy; which he described as utterly inadequate, not only to the objects of a great nation, whose colonial dominions were to be protected solely by a navy; and whose national power was to be sustained essentially by a navy; but to the mere defence of the coasts of England; and this too, when all the leading powers of the Continent were equipping fleets with the greatest activity, and to the most alarming extent, in prospect of a general war.

The ministerial reply was, that England had as many ships as she wanted! That the enemy's force was on paper, and was made of pasteboard! and that there was no possible prospect of war! But the motion for the return was carried, after a long debate; and *then* the Ministry came to their convictions.

FEBRUARY 10.—The Queen was married to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg, to which marriage, the honest German, his father, walked in a pair of jack-boots!

FEBRUARY 11.—Mr. Thomas Duncombe made his motion, to exonerate Dissenters from the payment of Church-rates. There are no men who better like a good bargain than the Dissenters; and the success of their motion would have saved them from the unpleasant necessity of paying their debts. They plead tenderness of conscience. But the founders of Christianity paid tribute to the Judaism which they came to supersede, and to the Heathenism, which they came to extinguish—they paid in obedience to the law of the land. The Dissenters are more tender-conscienced than St. Peter and St. Paul! The motion was rejected by 117 to 62.

FEBRUARY 17.—John Joseph Stockdale, having commenced a *fifth* action against the printers of the House of Commons, was declared guilty of a contempt of the House.

FEBRUARY 18.—Died, Sir Jeffery Wyattville, for many years employed by George IV., in his repairs and improvements of Windsor Castle. Sir Jeffery, whose name was originally Wyatt, and who was a relative of the celebrated architect of George III., was a man of skill and learning in his profession.

But royal architects are seldom distinguished, except by royal favour. His principal labours were restorations of the royal palaces, and those restorations might have been made with equal effect by almost any hand. The King whimsically lengthened his name by a foreign syllable. It added nothing to his reputation, though a little to the public surprise, and more to the public amusement. He died at the age of 72.

FEBRUARY 19.—Mr. Sergeant Talfourd made his motion for the second reading of the Copyright Bill; which was carried by 59 to 29, and will be so carried every year; until the learned Sergeant is tired of making poetical speeches upon a prosaic subject; and ascends to the Bench, or descends into the grave.

No possible reason can be assigned, why the labour of the intellect should not be as secure as the labour of the hands; or why a great writer might not leave the product of his writings to his descendants, as well as if he were a great grocer, and all his effects were bags of sugar. If the great writer buys land with his works, the land is transmitted from generation to generation; while, if he gives only their copyright, his son may be no more the better for it than if he were the descendant of an idiot. What would have been the opulence of the son of Shakspeare, if he had one, and could have endowed him and his offspring with the perpetual copyright of his plays? Or is there to

be no property but in acres, and nothing secure but the labours of clowns and the pasturage of bullocks? But we are gravely told that this property would produce a monopoly, and the monopoly restrict the progress of the human mind. The true answer is, that if the son of Shakspeare should refuse to give his volumes to the public at a rational value, the public would soon starve him into terms. But the argument is a burlesque, and fit to be used by none but the Humes and Warburtons of this world.

Yet, all local protection of copyright is air. The learned Sergeant is but filling up a ditch, while an earthquake yawns before him; the true evil is in the measureless knavery of foreigners. The London publishers may be neither knavish nor illiberal; but their property and the general property of British authorship, is in a constant state of pillage by the American and continental presses. Every popular volume of England is instantly pirated abroad, and the operation of this piracy is not restricted to the sale of either the United States or France; it makes a large source of their traffic to all the English colonies in both the Eastern and Western Worlds. Printing without the cost of authorship, the expense of advertisements, or risk of any kind — for that question is settled by the previous popularity of the work — they can sell their piracy at a rate below all competition. This iniquitous traffic actually robs the author (for it robs the publisher who, alone, is to remunerate him) of the whole product of his labour

beyond the narrow shores of the British Islands. Yet, against this open plunder there is no protection. The Legislature, which will not suffer an ounce of American produce to enter a West India Island, has no safeguard for the noblest produce of England, the work of its genius. The only resource, then, is in the moral feeling of foreigners;—*their* moral feeling, with money in the way!

FEBRUARY 20.—The Chamber of Deputies rejected the proposal for the Duke of Nemours' establishment on his marriage. The motion produced a vast quantity of angry discussion; the journals pronouncing, that they saw no reason why the King of France should not provide for his children, as well as any other father in the kingdom; why every additional branch of the Royal Family should be an additional burden to the country; and why the richest man in France should do what a cobler in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine would be ashamed to do, viz, beg a public allowance for his son, when he was able to support him himself. Those arguments prevailed with the Chamber, by two hundred and twenty-six to two hundred. The Ministers pretended to be indignant, and offered their resignation; but they were easily calmed; France laughed, the wits wrote epigrams, the money was saved, and the King was obliged to provide for his own family after all.

FEBRUARY 21.—A meeting was held at Free-

masons' Hall, to take the public opinion on the imprisonment of the Sheriffs; but a battalion of Radicals having attempted to take possession of the platform, all became a specimen of Radical legislation, a full-dress rehearsal of a mob Parliament, Harangues were followed by hustling — metaphors were exchanged for knock-down blows—black eyes exhibited the mutual impressions made by the orators—and, finally, the meeting was appropriately closed by the reading of the Riot Act.

FEBRUARY 25.—Lord Stanley obtained leave to bring in a bill, to amend the law relative to the registration of voters in Ireland. Nothing could be more rational, more just, or more necessary, than a bill of this order. In England, voters register every year; in Ireland, they register once in eight years; and the consequence is a vast number of fraudulent votes. As the qualifications, of course, frequently change in so long a period, and also a considerable number of the voters die, the system directly acts as a temptation to bring forward representatives of qualifications which exist no longer, and substitutes of the dead. In England, too, a voter unjustly objected to may appeal, and an individual unjustly demanding the right to vote may also be appealed against; but in Ireland the latter appeal does not exist, and the false voter has only to proceed to the hustings, and elude justice under the sanction of law. Lord Stanley's bill proposed to remedy

those monstrous abuses, by making one law for Ireland and England. This, of course, raised a furious clamour; the Tail justly regarded it as the commencement of a general operation for amputating all its joints; The Radicals, though contemptuous of the Tail, yet regarded it as dangerous to that refuge which they are in the habit of seeking, when turned out of British boroughs. But Lord Stanley persevered; and having the truth on his side, having great talents to sustain it, and dreaded by the O'Connellite section more than any other man in the House, from their remembrance of the dexterity with which he wields the scourge; he drove his bill through all obstacles, until its progress was checked alone by the close of the session.

FEBRUARY 27. — Ministers were again beaten. The subject was Mr. Liddell's motion for an inquiry into the pension of Sir John Newport. This old gentleman, who had once been Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, had, at the age of seventy-five, been appointed Comptroller of the English Exchequer; Mr. Ellis, the original holder of the office being alive, and receiving his salary of £1400 a year. The salary given with the office to its second holder was £2000. But Mr. Spring Rice, retiring on a peerage, and receiving the Comptrollership, while both the former holders were alive; a pension of £1000 was given to old Sir John. Such were the details brought before Parliament. "Thus" said Mr. Liddell, "the horse,

which formerly had enough to do in carrying one rider, is now found to be long-backed enough to carry three; and the work which was once done for £1400 a year, now costs the country upwards of £4000. On a division, the motion was carried by 240 to 212.

March 1.—In France, M. Thiers took office, as President of the Council, and Minister for Foreign Affairs. He had made himself important in the Chamber of Deputies as the head of the French Radicals. His lively and epigrammatic style of speaking rendered him popular in a country where to be amusing is to be everything; and the reliance which the Revolutionary party placed on a child of the "Three days of July," gave him an extraordinary influence in the Chamber. But, high situations are the triumph of great men, the ruin of inferior men, and the test of all. M. Thiers was stronger on the first day of his Ministry than on the second, and stronger on the second than on the third —he had ascended by the back stairs, and he found himself bewildered in the drawing-room —he had been thrown up, like a shell, from the mortar of the Barricades; and from the moment when he reached his highest elevation, he began to descend, fell even more rapidly than he rose, and buried himself where he fell.

March 5.—The long contested question of privilege was closed, by the acknowledgment that the

old law was not sufficiently protective of the House of Commons; and a new bill was brought in: Ayes, 203; Noes, 54. At the same time Mr. Sheriff Evans was released from custody, Mr. Sheriff Wheelton having been previously released, on the certificate of his physician that further confinement might endanger his life.

MARCH 7.—The Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, and passed by 182 to 34.

MARCH 11.—A dinner was given, by the combined Whigs and Radicals, to George Byng, in commemoration of his having represented Middlesex in Parliament for fifty years. Mr. Byng is an amiable old man, very rich, very harmless, and remarkable for a simplicity astonishing at any time of life, or in any age. Of all living men, he most strongly resembles one of the "seven sleepers," those individuals dear to romance, who having let several centuries pass over their heads in slumber, suddenly awoke, and could not be persuaded that they had slept more than their regular twelve hours. All the world had undergone a change — battles had been fought, and treaties made—cities had been built, and thrones shaken to the ground; yet nothing could persuade the sleepers that, when they walked forth, they were not walking in the midst of the generation amongst whom they had shut their eyes some hundreds of years before. So goes forth Mr. Byng: he sees the Treasury bench

filled with Radicals, Humeites, and O'Connellites; yet, as they call themselves Whigs, he is satisfied that they are of the same class which sat there fifty years ago. His notions, his doctrines, and his speeches belong to a school which has utterly passed away, and yet he thinks that every man round him is a Whig of the days of his youth. He hears the most violent language of partizanship, and actually mistakes it for the language of the Constitution—sees a dwarfish and frivolous race usurp the seats in which men of great talents once held the supremacy; and thinks that the pigmies before his eyes are of the same flesh and blood with the giants of his early days. In short, he is worthy of a place in the legend, and wants nothing but being a Papist, to be canonized.

The dinner itself was a piece of diplomacy. The Ministerialists, mortified to the core by the overwhelming popularity of the Opposition, had long determined to make an opportunity of drinking their own healths, chaunting their own praises, and showing, at least, that they were not afraid of the sound of their own voices. But, on coming to the reality of things, it was found that nobody who was anybody would go to a Whig dinner; that the party was in such *mauvaise odeur*, that no man of rank would be seen at a Whig dinner; and that they must be limited to the attendance of the Tail, who are glad to dine any where; of Joe Hume, who loves cheap living; and of that description of "working

patriots," to whom the table-spoons would form equally a novelty and a speculation. Under those circumstances, the idea occurred of hiding the "Whiggism" altogether, and popularising the affair, under the pretext of commemorating the fifty years of simplicity which form the public life of the simple George Byng.

The old member is too rich not to have many friends, and too harmless to have any enemies; so the affair went off tolerably well, notwithstanding that Joe Hume made a speech, Lord John *explained* himself, and the "Great Agitator" was among the toasts of the evening. But they have attempted the experiment no more. It was their last ruse; their invention was, like their character, worn out; and the good luck of their escape was too fully felt, to be hazarded again.

MARCH 12.—The Circassians attacked the fortress of Weljaninow, and took it by storm. The Circassian war deserves to be ranked as the most extraordinary of modern times. In the instance of other nations, though great gallantry has often been shown by uncivilised tribes, yet even their means have borne some proportion to the vigour of their resistance; or they were attacked by a power too distant, or too much occupied with other hostilities, to pour forth its whole strength upon them. But the antagonist here is Russia, a name almost synonymous with boundless power; a government systema-

tically ambitious, and a warlike people wholly unassailed by Europe. On the other hand, the Circassians form a population of scarcely two millions of souls, confined in a narrow and ill-cultivated country, themselves divided into small tribes, still more separated by local jealousies—without the guidance of any general government, without the appearance of any one remarkable leader in the war, cut off from supplies of ammunition by all the arts of Russian diplomacy, and pressed by the most active vigilance of Russian fleets and armies. And yet those poor mountaineers have battled against the power of Russia for *ten* successive years, have cut off tens of thousands of the Russian soldiery, have beaten them whenever they have advanced into the mountains, have followed them to the shore, and have even taken by assault their fortresses, built with European science, and equipped with all the means of European defence; and still they boldly make head against the Muscovite? This shows what is to be done by sincerity in a cause. The bold determination to resist, is worth fleets and armies. The nations of Europe fell before Napoleon, not for want of strength, but for want of sincerity; they trusted to craft instead of courage; and attempted to ward off the evil day by diplomacy, when they should have unsheathed the sword, with a determination to conquer, or die with it in their hands.

MARCH 15.—The English Envoy presented a note to the Court of Naples, demanding the dissolution of the Sulphur contract entered into by the Court with a company of French adventurers. The matter, however, was finally settled by the only species of appeal which foreigners can ever understand. After long and fruitless proofs that the Neapolitans were in the wrong, a detachment of the English squadron, suddenly appearing before Naples, gave such convincing evidence that the English were in the right, that the new contract was instantly broken, and the old one restored. This should be a lesson for our negociators. Cromwell said, long ago, that the mouth of a British cannon contains the only logic which will ever work conviction on the continental mind; and the saying is true to this hour.

MARCH 19.—Died Thomas W. Daniell, R. A; An artist, remarkable for his delineations of Indian scenery, and for the astonishing industry with which he must have exercised his pencil during his residence in Hindostan. His drawing was singularly clear and graphic; no European artist had ever expressed the character of the country at once with such force and such fidelity; its rich and picturesque vegetation, its vast and bold landscape, its brilliant hues of earth, and its blue magnificence of sky, were never before given with such truth to nature. He died at the great age of 96.

MARCH 20.—The Russian expedition to Khiva

was forced to halt in the snows of the Desert, and finally, to retreat to Orenberg; with the loss of a large proportion of its beasts of burthen and baggage. Yet, it had met no other enemy than the elements. This expedition was the most powerful that Russia had ever sent into Tartary — 30,000 men, with a large proportion of artillery. Nominally directed against the city of a little Tartar Prince, whom a few regiments of Cossacks and a couple of field-pieces would have swept from the face of the earth, it evidently had larger objects in view. Khiva lies at the foot of the great mountain range on whose southern side spreads the British empire of Hindostan. A strong Russian force, constantly kept in readiness to scale that battlement, and capable of being unsuspectedly reinforced to any amount, and at any moment, might have keenly increased the anxieties of the British Government. The habitual treachery of the native Princes, the hostile spirit of the Mussulman population, and the sullen prejudices of the Hindu and Mahometan priesthoods, must there find a rallying point, a source of perpetual intrigue, and a fund of incessant and lavish corruption. The angry nature of the discussions between Russia and England at that period rendered it still more probable, that the expedition to Khiva was only the advanced guard of an expedition to Bengal. But Nature has placed barriers in the Desert, which still defy the violence and the ambition of man. The expedition had marched in the winter, probably, to have the ad-

vantage of surprise, and avowedly, to obviate the want of water, which is severely felt when the snow has given way to the sand. But winter was too powerful in his own domain. The Russians, after a month of struggle, were forced to give up the enterprise, and rejoiced to find themselves once more within the bounds of the civilized world, rude a specimen as may be found of it within the walls of Orenberg. The whole expedition, political, military, and predatory, was utterly frost-nipt. Whether General Perowsky, its projector, lost his nose, we are not informed; but he lost all the laurels which he expected to plant on the summit of the Himmalaya; and his next experiment, if he is ever to renew it, we presume will be made a little more in the sunshine. But Russia is now our ally, most generous, cordial, and confiding, of course; and the Tartars are to be suffered to be frozen in peace, the Indian frontier to wear its snows untrodden by Muscovite boots, and England to think herself sovereign of India, at least, for another year.

March 24.—Died General Sir Henry Fane, late commander-in-chief in India, an officer of distinguished gallantry, conduct, and experience. He had landed with Wellington in Spain in 1809, borne the command of a division in that war of triumphs, been honoured by the thanks of Parliament, and finally, on the restoration of peace in Europe, after remaining for some period in England, been promoted to the

highest command among the dependencies of the empire. He died at the age of 62.

MARCH 25.—Died the Reverend Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton,—an amiable man, and a good scholar, and by both titles fitted for the situation which he had so long held as head master of one of the chief classical schools of England. He died full of years, —aged 80.

MARCH 30.—The House of Commons consented to a grant of £2,000 a-year to Lord Seaton (Sir John Colbourne), for his own life and that of his two next heirs male; in consideration of his services in Canada. The leading *Liberals*, as might be presumed, were fertile in objections; but the motion was carried by 82 to 16. General Sir John Colbourne had been distinguished as Colonel Colbourne in the Peninsular war. In Canada he crushed *two* insurrections of the Papist and Revolutionary Canadians; he repelled and punished the various attempts of the American rabble to invade and rob the British provinces; and he now received his title and his pension with the highest approbation of both Canada and England.

MARCH 30.—One hundred and twenty petitions against the repeal of the Corn Laws were presented by the Duke of Buckingham; and one hundred and forty by the Duke of Richmond. The case is of the

clearest kind. The repeal of the Corn Laws would starve the British farmer, and turn nine-tenths of the fields of England into a wilderness; would sink the vast body of the agricultural labourers into actual mendicancy, or madden them, by the mere pressure of hunger, into insurrection; would totally destroy the landed interest, and subvert the whole condition of British property, by rendering the produce of the land actually valueless. It would have the further effect of making us wholly dependent for subsistence on the Polish, or the American farmer—in the former instance, laying us at the mercy of Russia, and in the latter, of the United States, in every collision of public interests; besides supplying them with every disposable shilling in the country, to make war on her at their will.

March 30.—Vincent and Edwards were sentenced to imprisonment in Monmouth goal, for twelve and fourteen months respectively, for attempts to effect a change in the State.

March 31.—Lady Cecilia Underwood received the title of Duchess of Inverness. This creation was the source of considerable controversy in the newspapers, doubtless very amusing to the fashionable world. But, as her Ladyship is a very pretty woman, and his Royal Highness, whatever his politics may be, has never excited any real public hostillity, the topic was soon suffered to sink into general oblivion.

April 3.—The Russian fortress, Michael, with a garrison of nearly 500 men, was gallantly stormed by the Circassians.

April 5.—A dinner was given by the Lord Mayor to the Cabinet Ministers. This was a disastrous affair. The invitation ought not to have been given at all, or not to have been accepted. On the part of the Lord Mayor, there may have been the excuse of official decorum; but on that of the Ministers, we are forced to be content with whatever apology can be found in the love of turtle. The consequence, however, was a scene of irritation and uproar. A futile and injudicious attempt to applaud the Whigs, was drowned by shouts of disapprobation. The successive speeches of the Cabinet were strangled in their birth; and the feelings of the City, sharpened by the imprisonment of the Sheriffs, were uncontrollable. The Premier lost his habitual smile! Lord Normanby shuddered! and a blush was seen on the face of the Attorney-General!

April 7.—Sir James Graham moved a censure on the Cabinet, with reference to the policy of the war with China. The debate closed on the 9th, by a division: For the motion, 262—Against it, 271.

April 19.—The Emperor Ferdinand of Austria issued a decree, confirming the amnesty promised at his coronation in Milan. This was a humane mea-

sure. What are Italians good for, when they are shut up in dungeons? It is true that neither in nor out of them are they good for much, beyond a canzonet; but, though birds will sing the better for being in cages, Italians will not. The idea of Italian conspiracy is ridiculous; they are capable of no conspiracy, but on the boards of a theatre; and hate no tyrants, and love no liberty, but to the accompaniment of a full orchestra. Disorders in government make no more impression on their minds, than a violin is hurt in its feelings by having a bow drawn awkwardly across its strings. To inflict the habitual severities of the heavy, hob-nailed, military Government of Austria on such a people, would be to order a nursery to drill under a serjeant of the Guards. It is best to treat all people with gentleness; but the Italians are too idle a people to move much compassion for their calamities. As a nation, they have no more sensibility than a bunch of artificial flowers; nor more capacity of advancement than one of their own finger-posts; yet they are, or have been, human beings; and, as such, ought to be indulged with the same light and air which Nature gives to the lizard and the fly. We cannot bear to see a whole people turned into a footstool for the "rude Carinthian boor." Italy, trifling as it is, is fit for better things than to be absorbed wholesale by the heavy Teutons of Vienna, like macaroni poured down by the yard into the throats of its own lazzaroni.

April 21.—Died, Lord Guillamore (O'Grady), an Irish lawyer, who had been chief Baron of the Exchequer. O'Grady was a man of considerable learning in his profession, but who owed his rank chiefly to the favour of a much superior man, Fitzgibbon, formerly Chancellor, and Earl of Clare. After going through the routine of the Bar, in which he made money with much rapidity; he reached the Bench, in which he still made money, but without much distinction. In both, he filled the place, which may be filled by any man possessed of common diligence and common faculties. He had eclipsed none who went before, nor has left any of that reputation which throws into shadow those who come behind. Such men are useful, but they are no more made to be regretted, than their talents are made to be missed. Their place is easily filled; and when the hearse has passed by, the memory has passed along with it. Of such are the generality of lawyers, and, we allow it, of mankind.

April 22. — Died, Major-General Sir Alexander Dickson. Sir Alexander was a most distinguished artillery officer. Entering the service at an early age, and possessing science and clearness of understanding in a remarkable degree, he made himself conspicuous from the first period of his entering on active service. The British Artillery is, perhaps, the finest corps that the world has ever seen trained for military purposes. The mechanical skill, manual

dexterity, and cool courage, for which the Englishman has been always celebrated, find their peculiar development in this service. In the Peninsular War, a war in which artillery was employed to an unexampled extent in sieges and in the field, the superiority of the British guns on all occasions was decided. Their rapidity of movement in the field, and the weight of their fire against fortifications, threw the French artillery totally out of comparison; alert as the French are, and peculiarly proud of their use of this arm. A large portion of this excellence was due to the ability of Sir Alexander Dickson, who commanded them during the latter years of the Spanish War. He died aged sixty-one.

April 27.—The Duke of Nemours, the son of Louis Philippe, was married to the Princess Victoria of Cobourg. Does Louis Philippe intend to make German the language of the Tuilleries, and to substitute waltzes for quadrilles? At all events, we hope that all the Cobourgs are married by this time.

April 30.—A riot occurred at her Majesty's Theatre, arising from the dismissal of Tamburini, a vocalist. We know no more proper subject for a riot. It is notorious, that the encouragement of the Signors and Signoras is a matter of national importance, that the salary of a foreign singer is always *too low*, and that the hope of making a singer's fortune is well worth being made the cause of hazarding the bones

of an English audience, going to jail for an assault on the constables, or setting the house on fire with its own chandeliers, to bring the manager to his senses. In cases of this kind, the manager is clearly the only person incapable of judging how much he is able to pay, and the singer the only person whose estimate of his own value cannot be too high. Accordingly, the manager was forced to submit, and Tamburini, with an increase of salary, was privileged to roar to the end of the season.

April 30.—Lord Melbourne, in answer to the Marquis of Westmeath in the House of Lords, charging the Cabinet with combining with O'Connell, denied the charge with the greatest possible gravity of countenance. We do not recollect, whether his lordship denied—his having ever heard the name.

May 1st.—the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, founded a new order of knighthood, which his highness named the "Order of merit of Philip the magnanimous." He should have told us, in honour of what Philip this new peg to hang ribands and crosses on, was struck into the walls of the Heralds' College,—whether Philip of Macedon, or Philip Egalité, Louis Phillippe, or Monsieur Phillippe the grand conjuror, whose cups and balls have wheedled so many florins out of the purses of the Grand Monde of Vienna. At all events, his highness has added one more to the German orders, which already, amounted

to between thirty and forty. The man is an unlucky one, indeed, in Germany, who cannot show a scrap of riband, or a star of the size of a sixpence, and about its value, at his button hole. Yet it *might* be questioned, whether honours of this multitudinous kind are honours at all; and whether the wearers might not as proudly exhibit so many square inches of gilt gingerbread.

Republicanism made the French manlier for the time; and they loudly scoffed at the Germans and their scraps of riband; but Napoleon, who knew the native folly of France better than themselves, gave them a legion of honour, and a shower of stars. There are fools, even in England, who long for those absurdities, and we see proposals in the papers, every three months, suggesting to government, the infinite comfort that the English naval or military officer, nay, that the English author or artist, would feel in having a shilling's worth of silver hung by a string down the breast of his coat. We have even seen a late proposition for giving an order of knighthood to every officer who had received pay for five and twenty years,—thus making the mere continuance in their profession an especial merit, and turning a good stomach and a sturdy frame into a claim for military honours. The wisest thing that the foreign courts could do, would be to cut off the ribands, and put out the little twinkling stars of three-fourths of their tinsel chevaliers, abolish all their orders in every service, except one in each, and give that one not to

chamberlains and charlatans, to the menials of a palace, or the coxcombs of a guard-room, but to brave soldiers, and to them only for some *express* exploit. The officer who had led a forlorn hope, the officer who had captured or defended a fortress, the officer who had conquered in a pitched battle, the bold seaman who had stormed an enemy's fort, or captured a frigate, or commanded in a successful action against an enemy's fleet; those are the men who should be honoured by such marks of distinction, and to those alone should they be confined, if they are to be worth even the trifling material of which they are made.

MAY 6.—The public feelings were suddenly alarmed by the report that Lord William Russell was found murdered in his bed. His lordship, the brother of the late Duke of Bedford, was an old man, living alone, and though of extremely retired habits, esteemed by a large circle of society. For a considerable time the most exact and anxious inquiry was unable to detect the perpetrator of this atrocious crime. At length, so many circumstances of suspicion pointed to his Swiss valet, that this person, a young man named Courvoisier, was committed for trial.

MAY 11.—The whole line of the Southampton Railway was opened. A large party, headed by the Directors, and comprehending M. Guizot, the French

Ambassador, some of the nobility, and many men of science and commercial rank, proceeded to Southampton; where they were conveyed in less than three hours, the distance being about seventy miles. This railway effects remarkable advantages for both commercial purposes and those of pleasure. Leading through one of the richest districts of England, and thus laying open all its agricultural opulence to the capital; it also saves the merchant the whole perilous and tardy transit from the Thames by the Downs, and brings his goods direct to the second finest harbour of England, Portsmouth. To the citizen whose object is health and recreation, it brings the sea, the the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and all the fine landscape of the shores of the channel within three hours of London. Such are the wonders of railway travelling; and if the *accidents* which have hitherto formed so startling a drawback on the value of this greatest of all modern discoveries, shall be effectually guarded against, the railway may be justly hailed not only as the most powerful of all inventions, but the most productive of enjoyment, health, and utility to man.

MAY 13.—The Court of Queen's Bench affirmed the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court against Thorogood. John Thorogood was an Essex cobbler, who, feeling a peculiar delicacy of conscience on the subject of *paying* his church-rate, resolved to die a martyr. If it be true that the martyrs of old died,

not for their shillings but for their faith; the difference only shows that modern martyrs are a more enlightened race than the old. The result was, that the Dissenters raised a thousand pounds for their martyr; a proof that there are better things in this world than repairing boots and shoes in Essex. If John, after this experience, ever turns cobbler again, he is a much greater fool than we take him for.

May 14.—Died, Sir William Bolland, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer,—an amiable and accomplished man, a good lawyer, and an accurate and elegant scholar. His taste leading him early to the collection of medals, manuscripts, and other sources of classical illustration, he gradually became a little of a bibliomaniac, and his library contained some of the most remarkable books of the earliest, and of course the *worst* editions. But he had too much good sense to wander into the extravagances of a pursuit, which must be moderate, if it would not be ridiculous. A few years since, in the Chancellorship of his friend, Lord Lyndhurst, he was raised to the Bench. He died, aged 68.

May 18.—The 11th Hussars were reviewed at Brighton, by Major-General Sleigh; an incident too trivial to be remembered among the events of the year, but for its consequences. After the Review, the Major-General was invited to dine at the mess, as is customary. The dinner was worthy of the

gallant and showy regiment; but, towards the close, the highborn optics of the Lieutenant-Colonel, Lord Cardigan were startled by the apparition of a black bottle! among the elaborately cut decanters which form the ornament of the table on gala days. A subsequent inquiry ascertained, that the request of one of the officers, Captain J. W. Reynolds, for a glass of Moselle, had been the cause of introducing the fatal bottle. Simple as the incident was—"the apple of discord" was never more dexterously thrown into the midst of festivity. The affair instantly became *regimental.*

From the remonstrance addressed to the unconscious delinquent, grew a long *mêlée,* worth at least half a campaign to the corps; consisting of a duel, a couple of challenges, a general court-martial, a newspaper correspondence, a mission of the Adjutant-General to explain the will of the Commander-in-Chief to the regiment, and half-a-dozen rescripts of the Commander-in-Chief, to explain the explanation. Nor is the business concluded yet. Another quarrel has grown up, to a very handsome size; and the public opinion has been so sharply expressed by the newspapers, that interviews have taken place with Prince Albert, who had probably thought himself peculiarly lucky that his agreeable duties at Windsor kept him fifty miles from Brighton. His Lordship has since been put upon his trial before the House of Lords, for the duel, and, on a blunder in the indictment, acquitted.

MAY 19.—The Archbishop of Dublin brought forward a motion in the House of Lords on the subject of Australian transportation.

Restlessness is the *tarantula* of our age.—Experience seems nothing, novelty seems everything; change is the grand principle of improvement, and the more total the change the better. The system of transportation has been now tried for fifty years; it has succeeded to an extraordinary degree in the three great points,—of relieving the mother country from a multitude of desperadoes, first driven to iniquity by temptation, and then compelled to follow it as a trade by despair;—of peopling a vast desert with labourers, whose work may be supplied at a cheap rate, and who can be compelled to labour;—and thirdly, and most important of all, of giving an honest livelihood to thousands, whose crime was the offspring, rather of their poverty than their will; enabling those to recover character abroad who had lost it irretrievably at home; and transforming a reckless and unhappy race of public criminals, into a race of decent habits, industrious lives, and not seldom considerable possession of property. We have seen an estimate of Colonial property in actual possession of individuals who had been sent from England as convicts, and who left it without a shilling; amounting to a million and a half sterling. Yet this whole system, wise, beneficent, and vast as it is, is to be hazarded with extinction by the love of change.

If we hear it alleged, that transportation has lost

its terrors; the true answer is, that the fault lies in the mismanagement, not the principle; that the custom of discharging convicts from labour, and letting them lead a lounging life, or make money by trading speculations, is an abuse; and that working in chains, the severities of confinement, and the impossibility of a return to England (in all the more heinous cases), would make transportation the reverse of an indulgence to the haters of work at home. In fact, instead of restricting the exercise of this sentence, it ought to be extended to ten times its amount. Every street plunderer; every one of that class, especially, which lives by a notorious trade of petty larceny; every receiver, every member of a gang, every coiner —in short, every criminal who has evidently adopted thieving as his "profession," should be sent to Australia for life. Nothing can be better known than the utterly irreclaimable nature of a thief, who has become accustomed to the stimulants of his villanous pursuit—the easy robbery and the gross indulgence. In this country, we doubt, whether all our penitentiaries, places of reform, treadmills, and houses of correction, have *reformed* a dozen criminals in a dozen years: we more than doubt, whether they have restored a single criminal to a place in society, for every hundred thousand pounds which those huge establishments have cost; while in New South Wales thousands have, unquestionably, become decent, industrious, and useful; and where the parents have been incorrigible, the children have grown up serviceable members of the community. The reasons

are in the location: there they do not suffer under an indelible stigma; there they have work; and there they have no temptation to plunder. Regarding, as we do, the great Australian continent as a special gift of Providence to England for the noblest experiment of reformation ever made, we entirely deprecate all rash interference of that most frivolous of all sciences, which calls itself Economical Philanthrophy.

MAY 21.—Lieut.-Governor Hobson proclaimed the sovereignty of England over the islands of New Zealand. Thus, a new empire in the ocean has been added to the national sceptre! and British laws, freedom, and religion; the arts of civilized life, the vigour, manliness, and integrity of British commerce; the richness, variety, and power of British literature, and the activity and gallantry of British soldiership, will be the invaluable gifts bestowed on these fine and fertile islands. It is memorable, that our country is the only one whose colonists thrive; the attempts made by the other powers of Europe have been few, and those few feeble; but the colonies of England spread from year to year, with a principle of growth which seems incapable of a limit, and which gives them less the character of national dependencies than of incipient kingdoms, allied to us by the original ties of a common interest, a common faith, and a common language.

Our knowledge of the capacities of New Zealand is still too incomplete for detail, but it is sufficient, to

show the noble acquisition which we have made. The islands were discovered by the Dutch, in 1642, a time when, from the distractions in England, the Dutch were the chief commercial power of Europe. Tasman, the commander of their expedition to the Southern Pacific, named them Staten Island, from his masters, the States-General. But his examination was vague, and limited to the Eastern coast, and a Strait, which he entered. The growing embarrassments of Holland checked her career of discovery, and for upwards of a hundred years New Zealand was forgotten. The great task of filling the world with civilization, then devolved upon a country, of all others the most fitted for this duty, ardent, generous, and capable of uniting the largest views of human benevolence with the most successful acquirement of power. George the Third, a king whose name will be recorded for many an age, when the sanguinary honours of conquerors will be their shame; directed the attention of his Government to this neglected quarter of the globe, and directed it, unquestionably much more for objects of philanthropy than of dominion.

In 1770, the celebrated Captain Cook visited the coast of New Zealand, and ascertained that it consisted of two large islands, divided by a strait nearly as broad as the Channel between Dover and Calais. He found the coast penetrated by bays, and those bays covered with small islands, natural breakwaters against the heavy billows of the Great Ocean, the

whole evidently formed for a vast future commerce; wood and water in abundance, the plains and sides of the hills covered with forests of fine trees, and the rivers navigable to a considerable extent in the interior; the summer generally resembling that of England; the pinnacles of the hills covered with snow in winter. Of the two islands, the southern one was the more mountainous; but both islands were apparently the work of those volcanoes which are in a state of incessant action at the bottom of the ocean, and are forming a new chain of Pacific islands, hereafter to be formed into the mountains of a new continent. The soil in the valleys and plains was fertile, and found to be capable of rearing the chief products of Europe.

In Cook's second visit, which was in 1773, he made the experiment of planting our principal culinary vegetables; and, on returning, in four years after, he found that they had perfectly succeeded; though, of course, struggling with weeds and the other consequences of being totally neglected; the poultry which he had left there were now grown wild, but had multiplied in a remarkable degree; the sea and the rivers abounded in fish; and the whole country seemed admirably adapted for the health, the enjoyment, and even the opulent sustenance of man.

The natives were athletic and brave, though their bravery was ferocious; and, with a savageness which went to the extreme, they devoured the prisoners

taken in their perpetual feuds. But their forms were statue-like, and their understandings acute, and even eager for European knowledge.

The islands lie between south latitude 34 and 48, and longitude 166 and 180. Long may they flourish, and be the habitation of a great people, vigorous, virtuous, and happy!

MAY 26.—Mr. Villiers renewed his motion for the abolition of the Corn-laws. He was again beaten, as we hope he always will be, by an overwhelming majority—300 to 177.

——— Died, Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, in France, at the age of 76. We regret nothing in the life of this distinguished man, but that he spent his latter years out of his own country, flattering his self-indulgence by the frivolities and idleness of Paris, and so far, countenancing the un-English residence of his countrymen.

Forty years ago, Sir Sydney Smith was among the most popular names of the British navy. The especial characteristic of his actions was brilliancy. Others might fight with as much bravery, and conquer with as much success; but there was a spirit, an effect, a colour in all his exploits, which made them romantic and glittering. His most trivial efforts bore an exclusive impression of the adventurous. Though never in command of a fleet, until the naval war had nearly ceased; and never conducting any great operation; still his genius—and it fully deserves

the name—made even the capture of an enemy's sloop, or the storming of a little shore-battery, an act of heroism. In command of the *Diamond* frigate, he ranged the French coast incessantly, and took, or drove on shore, everything before him; often landing, and, with his few seamen and marines, keeping the whole western border of France in perpetual alarm.

At length, in a daring attempt to capture a privateer in the teeth of the enemy's batteries, the tide left his boats aground, and he was taken prisoner. His name was too well-known, not to excite fears for his life in the blood-thirsty days of the Republic. But, by extraordinary good fortune, he escaped from the prison of the Temple in Paris, and reached the ocean, where a British frigate was his fortress; and he was preserved to strike one of the heaviest blows that had ever reached the heart of French ambition.

With two ships he was sent in pursuit of Napoleon, who, with 40,000 men, and the grand fleet of France, had sailed in May, 1799, for the conquest of Egypt—which was to be followed by the conquest of Syria, of Turkey, and of the world! The defeat of this most daring and dazzling of all conceptions, was accomplished by the British Commodore. He fought the French for fifty days, in the breach of Acre, repulsed nine assaults, hunted Napoleon across the Desert, and, after forcing him to fly to Europe, in the mere hopelessness of Eastern conquest, he

crowned his gallant services by receiving the capitulation of Kleber and the French army. The capitulation was afterwards rescinded, and the French army remained; as if for the express purpose of giving additional renown to the British bayonet. But it was the hand of Sir Sydney Smith that first tore the laurels of the Republic from the standards of Napoleon, and fixed them on his own. Without the steady beacon-flame of a Howe, or the towering splendour of a Nelson, that pole-star of the sailor — he had the flash, the eccentricity, and the rapid movement of a meteor,—yet of a meteor whose vividness still remains upon the eye of his countrymen.

MAY 27.—Died, at Nice, Paganini; the most extraordinary violinist of his time; and not only of his time, but of all others, since the invention of the violin. His excellence on this first of instruments was so singular, that, in all human probability, he will never have a superior. This opinion has been adopted by the musical world, on the ground, that the simplicity of the violin being the source of its superiority, and thus no mechanical improvement being ever to be expected, the supremacy of the violinist must be the work of supreme sensibility, subtlety of conception, and mastery of hand. It was Nature that made the excellence of Paganini. She gave him intensity of musical feeling, an invention always seeking the sublime of his art, and the most remarkable and powerful configuration of hand for all the difficulties

of the scale. The violin is the favourite instrument of the Italian, German, French, and English orchestras. Europe abounds in powerful violinists. Italy prides herself on the taste and *cantabile* of her masters of this fine instrument; Germany, in their steadiness, strength, and skill; France, in their boldness and brilliancy; England, in her adoption of the styles of all. But, from the moment when Paganini commenced his musical tour of Europe, it was a tour of triumph. "I have conquered everywhere!" was his exclamation; and it was true. In every capital, he instantly took the first place in his delightful art. All the professors gave way to him; and after having extinguished them as his rivals, he left them to revive only as his imitators. One fact is decisive of his extraordinary powers. He has filled the Italian Opera House of London from the roof to the ground, and held the audience in unwearied delight for the whole evening, by his single performance, with only the intervention of an overture or a chorus, in the intervals while he rested. This unequalled feat was undoubtedly due in some degree to his variety, his eccentricity, and even to an ingenuity, approaching that of his native charlatans—to solos played on one string, to imitations of the guitar, of the cries of animals, of the songs of birds, even of the shrieks of witches, of everything that could occur to a capricious and fantastic mind, gifted with the power of expressing its most extravagant conceptions.

But, in the midst of this prodigal sport of science,

there were palpable evidences, from to time, of a power which astonished and delighted all the sense of harmony: sparkles of light in the chaos, flashes from the cloud, bold and superb strains, that made the mind forget the man, and even the music, and feel itself wandering away into creations of its own.

This is not the language of undue panegyric; for Paganini's faculty was unequalled, and magnificent. Nothing but genius could have given new popularity to an instrument which has been popular for ages, developed new powers in an instrument which has been the study of tens of thousands of great artists; and left a style of composition to attest his excellence, which will form no school, only because it will find no violinist equal to its rich, subtle, and lovely expression.

The exterior of a man of genius is not always characteristic, but Paganini looked the thing he was: his countenance, though attenuated, pale, and almost ghastly, yet capable of being lighted up with sudden fire; his form, though thin and debilitated, yet almost graceful and commanding from the moment when he took the violin in his hand. He wore his hair wild, and falling on his shoulders, like the locks of one of the prophets of Michael Angelo; his whole contour realizing the picture which the mind instinctively forms to itself of a man whose impulses are all from within; the class of the great poet, the great painter, the great composer, the man of genius in all.

Paganini died of consumption, after acquiring a large fortune by his talents—aged 57.

JUNE 1.—A great meeting was held at Exeter Hall to discountenance the Slave Trade. No man of common humanity can ever have approved of this atrocious traffic; but we doubt strongly whether any man of common sense ever approved of the means which have been suggested to put it down. Those means had stamped their own condemnation. They had utterly failed, and worse than failed;—they had aggravated tenfold the miseries, the crimes, and the massacres of the old Slave Trade. Let the Slave Trade be put down throughout the world, we say, and say most sincerely; but let the operation be put into manly hands.

JUNE 6.—The Chinese sent down a squadron of paper lanterns to burn the British frigates blockading one of their rivers. The English sailors threw water from their tea-cups on the foremost, and blew out the rest with their tobacco-pipes. The Emperor of China, by the advice of his Council of Mandarins, immediately published a proclamation, announcing that his gallant admiral had gained a great victory; that nothing was left of the frigates but charcoal; that he was on the point of sending a fleet to set London, the "chief city of the barbarians," on fire; and that nothing but the compassion of the Lord of the Celestial Empire prevented him from pro-

ceeding, without delay, to the conflagration of the world.

JUNE 7.—The King of Prussia died at Berlin, in the seventieth year of his age. Frederic William was one of the most singular instances of ill-fortune, followed by good, in the history of Europe. No man had suffered like him; since the days when deposed kings were shut up in a cloister, had their moustaches shaved off, and were turned into monks for life. Coming to the throne, at a time when the infidel philosophy of Frederic the Second had begun to corrupt the national mind, and when the forms of his discipline, while they retained their rigour, had lost their spirit; he found himself at the head of a people at once proud and powerless, and at the head of an army at once presumptuous and inexperienced. A more original mind might have adopted a new and saving career, but Frederic William was forced to depend on the ministers of his predecessor; some of them too old for counsel, some too ignorant, but all impressed with the most extravagant ideas of the influence of Prussia on the Universe. Napoleon saw the national propensity to ruin, and instantly furnished the temptation. His grand object was to secure Italy to France; but, to secure Italy, he must first crush Austria, and to crush Austria, he must first hoodwink Prussia. He began by offering to put Frederic William in possession of Hanover. The bribe was fatally accepted. He then poured his

whole strength upon Austria, and broke her in a three months' campaign; while Prussia stood idly by, looking at the downfall of the great bulwark of Germany. But fearful retribution was to come. The armies which had overflowed Austria, suddenly turned their whole current to the north, and rushed with irresistible fury upon the dominions of the astonished Frederic William. If Austria fell in three months, Prussia fell in three hours. Within a twelvemonth from the day when Napoleon fixed his headquarters at Vienna, he fixed them at Berlin! The Prussian defeat at Jena was the most memorable in modern war; until it was eclipsed by his own and his empire's ruin on the great day of Waterloo.

After the battle of Jena (Oct. 14th, 1806), the King fled, with all his Ministers; every fortress fell instantly, the superb army was extinguished, the government was dilapidated; and Prussia, for four years, was a French province, trampled in the dust by the insolence of her invaders, and plundered of more than twelve millions sterling!

Yet, for this unexampled suffering there might have been a higher cause than the arrogance of a conqueror or the rapine of his armies. Prussia was the original evil of Europe, the teacher of infidelity to France, the primal tempter to that guilty knowledge by which fell the throne of the Bourbon. The encouragement given by Frederic II to the Voltairists, and the foulness and fanaticism of their mutual hatred to Christianity, had given a fashion to

Atheism, and laid the foundation of the Republican Conspiracy. France now repaid the terrible boon; she was a leper, and she brought back the leprosy, with which she had been inoculated by the hands of the subtle, yet short-sighted, King of Prussia, half a century before.

But the late monarch was guiltless of the sins of his too memorable predecessor; and, as if in recompence for his personal virtues, he was to be made the instrument of restoring his country. On the ruin of the French army in Russia (December 1812), Prussia gallantly rose in arms, and had the honour of striking the first blow for European freedom. In the desperate battles, of 1813, the troops of Frederic William, all volunteers, and led by the King in person, utterly wiped away the disgrace of the day of Jena, and even more than re-established their fame. From that period, until the final triumph of Waterloo (June 18th, 1815), in which, while the British fought the battle, the Prussian army, under the brave Blucher, came up to crush the fugitives, and thus consummate the victory; the King exhibited all the qualities of a good German and a good soldier.

From the close of the war, he devoted himself with equal benevolence and wisdom to the internal concerns of his kingdom, exhibiting the sincerity of his religion, alike in the protection of the Polish Jews, and of the Protestant communities, which had been driven into exile by the bigotry of his neighbours. He died, to the universal regret of his subjects, and

died in the calmness and confidence of one entitled to look back without remorse, and forward without fear.

JUNE 8.—16,000 of those public lovers of private virtue, called "Temperance Societies," made a march with banners and trumpets through the streets of London, to the great alarm of the less *virtuous*, but more peaceable, inhabitants; and finished the evening at the suburb taverns, making violent speeches, inspired by "water," though of what variety, or what strength, we do not take it upon ourselves to determine,

JUNE 10.—Edward Oxford, a low ruffian employed in an ale-house, inflamed with a passion for publicity, fired two pistols at the Queen and Prince Albert, as they were driving, in an open phaeton, in the Green-park. He was, of course, immediately seized; but no one having been wounded, and no balls having been found, the probability is, that no balls were in the pistols; and that the whole was an impudent trick of a pot-boy, weary of his trade, to make himself notorious, and gain a livelihood without further trouble. The result was, that he was tried, supposed to be a lunatic, and sent to Bedlam, where he still remains.

JUNE 21.—Courvoisier, the Swiss valet of the late unfortunate Lord William Russell, was found guilty

of his master's murder. He had confessed his crime the night before to his counsel, and acknowledged that he was tempted to it by the sight of some valuables, and the expectation of being able to make his escape with them to Switzerland. The old nobleman had been killed in his sleep, and died without a struggle.

This confession produced a question, a good deal discussed by the public — whether a barrister is justified in defending a criminal of whose guilt he is, as in this instance, aware? And some blame was attempted to be fixed on Mr. Phillips (Courvoisier's counsel), who had made a long and eloquent defence for him subsequently to his confession. But the true matter to excite surprise is, that such a question should have ever been asked. The culprit, when once put on his trial, is to be tried on the evidence alone; his counsel is merely an instrument to marshal that evidence, or to meet it; whatever knowledge he may possess in private, has nothing to do with the business before the court. It is for the prosecutor, to *prove* the guilt if he can; it is not for the counsel for the defendant either to betray his client, or to abandon him, which would be virtually a betrayal. If the principle of thus making counsel a party in the case were once adopted, there would be an end of all confidence; no man would ever communicate his whole case, nor thus be able to avail himself of that allowable and essential principle of British law, which assumes the accused as innocent

until he is proved guilty. The counsel should not *pledge himself* to prove innocence, where he *knows* that there is guilt; but it is his duty to challenge the prosecutor to his proofs, and show their insufficiency if he can. Mr. Phillips, in defending Courvoisier to the last, showed that he understood the duty of a defender; and he did it steadily, strenously, and to the honour of himself and his profession.

JUNE 22.—A clause was added to the "Admiralty Court Judges' Bill," by which, after the present Parliament, the Judge is to be disqualified from sitting in Parliament. Sad tidings for poor Dr. Lushington, but quite the reverse for his hearers. The Doctor swam into public life on the swollen bladders of Whiggism. The emptier a bladder is, the better, where the sole object is buoyancy; and the Doctor has contrived to swim on. But his Parliamentary fate is now fixed; and there is no man within the walls of the Legislature, who can be more easily forgotten.

JUNE 23.—Leave was obtained to bring in a bill abolishing the punishment of death in all cases. As the "Hon. mover" has not yet had his house ransacked, his children's throats cut, or his own skull fractured by housebreakers, his sagacity is entitled to believe that there are no such things as robbers and murderers in the world. We further give him credit for believing, if he will, that there would be neither mur-

der nor robbery, from the moment that the "gentlemen" of the highway had received a Parliamentary assurance that there would be no punishment for either; and we further allow his happy credulity to be *quite convinced*, that the existence of the gallows is the *only reason* why crimes are ever committed. But we, thinking differently on the subject, and much inclined to conceive that there have been as wise heads in other ages, at least, as ever prompted the poetic reveries of "lawyer-philanthropists" of our own; altogether prefer appealing to villainy by the only argument that it can ever comprehend — its fears; and instead of trusting to the honesty of thieves and the mercy of assassins, protecting ourselves by the strong arm of the law.

JUNE 27.—A public meeting was held at York, at which £3350 was subscribed for the restoration of the Minster. The burning of this cathedral seems a favourite amusement of incendiarism in the north; yet it always perplexes us to know how such edifices *can* be burned at all. We think, also, that the appointment of a watchman at a few shillings a week, would be no unwise preventive, though we are by no means aware whether an expedient of this order ever suggested itself to the wisdom of the authorities. Even in London, the Royal Exchange was burned down for want of a watchman; and though, unquestionably, about twenty pounds a year were saved by this economy, a hundred and fifty thousand pounds

will be the least expense of rebuilding the Exchange. We recommend the experience of the citizens to the northern Dean and Chapter.

JUNE 29.—Died, at Viterbo, Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. It is remarkable, that all the brothers of Bonaparte have been inferior to him in intellect, and superior to him in honesty. Lucien was the only one of the family who had not played the king, and yet he evidently approached nearest to his celebrated brother in ability. Coming to France in the early part of the Revolution, Lucien rapidly advanced in the diplomatic career, acquired a name in the ranks of Republicanism, and at the period when Napoleon made his first campaigns in Italy, was sent as ambassador to Rome. If he fleeced the Pope, frightened the cardinals, and trampled on the nobility, this was but the fashion of the time; he was only performing the part for which he had been sent, and giving the fraternal embrace to "a regenerated people." On his return to France, he was summoned to act on a more important theatre. His abilities soon placed him in the President's chair of the Council of Five Hundred. The question now became critical; it was, simply, whether the Directory or Napoleon should perish; whether the Directory should be reduced to their original state of ciphers, or Napoleon should be conducted within the next twelve hours to the guillotine. Lucien had the balance in his hands, and he vigorously cast the fortunes of his family into the scale.

On the 19th of November, 1799, Napoleon entered the hall where the Council of Ancients were assembled at St. Cloud; and, after having fiercely defended himself from the charges of intending to overthrow the Republic; retired, to perform the same farce in the Council of Five Hundred. But there he was received with uproar, and as he entered with four grenadiers behind him, was declaimed against as a second Cæsar, come to act the dictator. Some furious members of the Assembly sprang from their seats, rushed upon him, and the dagger was at his throat; when General le Febvre tore him away, and carried him out of the hall. Napoleon, thus repelled, sent in a platoon of grenadiers, with bayonets fixed, to settle the controversy. The President, whom a moment of indecision would have sent to the scaffold, encouraged by the sight of the troops, now rose, pronounced that the members who had attempted to seize his brother were "traitors, purchased by the guineas of Pitt;" the platoon of grenadiers silenced all reply, and Lucien proposed a decree on the spot, —"That General Bonaparte, and all who had assisted him, deserved well of their country—that the Directory was at an end—and that the executive power should be placed in the hands of three provisional consuls, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos." Thus had Cromwell finished the democracy of England a century and a half before. Napoleon soon after appointed himself First Consul; in the first instance, for ten years; then for life; then Emperor—"Thane,

Cawdor, Glamis, thou hast it all:" the Macbeth of a mightier stage!

From this period Lucien stopped in his career; at the moment, too, when the most dazzling fortune seemed to lie before him; yet it is to his honour, that he refused the throne which was offered to him by Napoleon, on condition of divorcing his wife, and marrying a princess of one of the royal houses of Germany. He now led a wandering life; at one time in England, at another in Italy, and, we believe, at another in America. He was sufficiently opulent to have all the customary enjoyments of his rank, and sufficiently wise to desire no more. He lived to see the fruits of this conduct in the security, ease, and respect of his career; while his more ambitious brothers were successively stripped of their diadems, driven from their kingdoms by insurrection or invading armies, and sent into long and unhappy exile.

Lucien was a man of taste, but, unhappily, was not of taste sufficient to discover that he was *not* a poet. He wrote an epic, which, as nobody would read in France, he sent to be translated into English, with the proposal of a considerable sum for the labour of the translator. After the offer was declined by some of the principal *litterateurs* of England, it fell into the hands of one who had either more leisure, or more intrepidity. This person probably died of the fatigue, for since that time we have never heard his name. The book, of course, was buried in

the same tomb with the translator. Lucien was about seventy when he died.

JUNE 30.—Sir Robert Inglis moved for a Committee to inquire into the subject of providing Churches adequate to the increased population. The motion was lost by 149 to 168; and this—with Socialism in all its foulness, and Chartism in all its ferocity, spreading through the land—with actual missionaries of infidelity haranguing in our manufacturing towns, and actual muster-rolls of rebellion prepared for the establishment of a republic—with an armed insurrection existing in Wales within the last six months—and with the notorious boasts of the chartists ringing in the national ear, that they had a hundred and thirteen thousand men organized for arms, and could have half a million when they chose to call for them!

JULY 2.—Died, at Baden-Baden, Woulfe, Chief Judge of the Exchequer in Ireland—one of the judges carried into place by the overpowering influence of Irish partisanship. But little distinguished at the Bar, he had no time for acquiring any distinction on the Bench. Within a short period of his promotion he was taken ill, and went to the German baths, from which he never returned.

JULY 6.—Cabrera entered France with 5,000 men, and was put under arrest by order of the Govern-

ment. Thus finished the last effort of the Carlists to assert the right of the King of Spain. Cabrera was a gallant officer, and his bravery and talents, and, above all, his fidelity and honour, ought to endear his name to Spain, as one of the redeemers of its fallen soldiership. But the Spanish war was so deeply characterised by ferocity on both sides, that it had long been looked upon by Europe with horror. The civil murders, the slaughter of prisoners in cold blood, and the shooting of women and children, had utterly extinguished all European sympathy in the contest; until it became regarded with no more interest than a contest of tigers, and no less disgust than a massacre of savages. All feeling for either party was at length totally lost in the general desire to see such atrocities terminated, on any conditions. And whether Don Carlos or Christina had fled; or Espartero or Cabrera had been the inmate of a French dungeon; the only sentiment would have been one of rejoicing that the war was at an end.

Nothing will retrieve the character of Spain but an entire moral change. She has, for 300 years, been almost totally in the background of Europe. Always disastrous; in peace suffering as much as other nations in war; in war sharing the defeats of every ally, yet reaping no advantage from their successes. Spain was the ox, toiling in the great European field, but muzzled in the time of harvest; — the negro slave of France, working in the chain of its insolent taskmaster, and receiving nothing for its wages but

stripes. Yet Spain had an interval, when, maddened by injuries, she rose against her oppressor, and for a period, assumed the language and the arms of freedom. The war of the Peninsula was formed to give a new spirit to a people capable of restoration. The presence of England, her valour, her probity, her freedom, and her religion, were sunbeams breaking through the cloud of superstition and slavery. But there was a habitual resistance to renovation in the popular mind. The cloud that had for ages hovered over the national hemisphere was no sooner shot through by those beams, than it was recruited with fresh darkness and fresh contagion from the mighty marsh below; Spain was no sooner freed from the presence of the foreign enemy, than she generated enemies within her own bosom. She now had civil war; of all the shapes of war the most appalling, degrading, and exhausting — death without dignity, and life without repose. For twenty-five years Spain has been the continual prey of armed faction! While the most warlike nations of Europe have been in quiet, she has been in perpetual disturbance, and in disturbance by the power of parties and men so utterly obscure, that history will never wade deep enough into the darkness to recover their names. Thus, in the Indian jungle, when the tiger and the lion are expelled by the noisomeness of the morass, the serpent is engendered there; and when even the serpent is driven away; the scorpion, the centipede,

and the mosquito take possession, and make the soil unapproachable, and their own for ever.

JULY 28.—Died, the Earl of Durham, a nobleman of considerable attainments, some political experience, and insatiate public ambition. Beginning his career under the misfortune of being a Foxite, he felt the natural influence of the party, in overshadowing his whole public existence. Born without the abilities which enable men to be leaders in the State, and without the judgment which makes men of mediocrity content with a private station, his public opportunities were wasted in the perpetual struggle to get to the front, and his personal enjoyments embittered by the vexation of feeling himself always flung into the rear. Continually thwarting his own objects, by the want of faculties to see them clearly, or the want of decision to follow them with perseverance, he alternately fluttered about the Cabinet, and fondled the populace; until he lost both. Too extravagant in his conceptions of Reform for the craft of the Minister, and too cold for the fury of Radicalism, he was left an unhappy and neutral figure between them. A more powerful, or a more daring spirit might have created a third party, and hurled defiance against both. A more accomplished and loftier mind would have shrunk alike from the contact of either, thrown himself into the Conservative ranks, and by the sincerity of his repentance, and the zeal of his services, atoned for the errors of his former career. But Lord Durham

was not born for exploits of this order. The early bonds of Whiggism had crippled him, and with the loudest boasts of independence, he was uneasy without the shackles of party.

On the expiration of the Grey Ministry—a family junta, to whose deathbed the nation flocked, not to give their sympathy, but to rejoice over the termination of its existence; not to alleviate the pangs of its mortal exit, but to count its struggles, and see in what impotent vexation a Whig Cabinet "can die"—his Lordship had an opportunity of freedom. But, the Israelite, pushing on through the wilderness, and disregarding the sterility of the plain and the ruggedness of the mountain, in his march to national glory, is too remote and romantic for the model of Whig statesmanship. The Israelite of Duke's Place is closer to the character. We willingly acquit Lord Durham of the mere love of emolument. But a Whig patriot is an anomaly which confounds all modern experience.

His lordship joined the Melbourne Ministry! and from their hands accepted the embassy to Russia. After a two years absence he returned, bringing with him a Russian star and string! The Cabinet now found another employment for him (like the former, as near the North Pole as they could), and made him a Canadian Viceroy. But, from this office he returned with a precipitation, which he threatened to explain in vengeance on his injurers. The explanation never came.

But party, place, and the world were now about

to vanish alike from the Earl of Durham. The passion for popularity, or the offences of power, were soon to be forgotten, we shall hope, in more important thoughts. His health, at no time strong, sank under consumption, and after lingering a while, he closed his anxious life, in the Isle of Wight, regretted by his friends, and at an age when the mind and frame are generally in their most secure vigour, in his 48th year.

JULY 28 —The French grand march of the remains of the Mob who had fallen in July, 1830.—The French turn everything into melo-drame, and evidently think that the world would have been on a much better construction, if it was one huge theatre, the sky a grand drop-scene, the ground a proscenium, all the language blank verse, and every operation of life performed to the music of an universal orchestra: —

> All the world a stage,
> And all the men and women in it players.

In this style of thinking, they gave an exhibition in the shape of—a procession, to carry the bones of the "victims," as they call them, of the Barricades, from their old tomb to a new. If this amused the people of Paris, perhaps it was as harmless an amusement as any other that they could have adopted. And yet, with all their love of melodrame, it is surprising, that they are not aware of the near approach of a performance of this order to the dullest of all things, a dull farce. When we see the fruits of the "three days of July," we should have thought that no man in

France could desire to revive their memory. Or are we driven to conceive, that no Frenchman is capable of comprehending the change, until he sees the "twenty-four forts" rising before his eyes, finds Paris crowded with a garrison of 50,000 men, and hears the warning of the sentinel, whenever he takes a walk outside his own door? Those are the fruits, and the *first* fruits, of his "three glorious days;" and that they will not be the last, we may assure our heroic and theatric neighbours, without any rashness of prediction.

AUGUST 4.—The Affirmation Bill, an attempt to universalize the Quaker privilege of dispensing with an oath in civil and criminal cases, was rejected by the Lords without the trouble of a division.

Performances of this kind do honour to the House of Peers, by showing us the value of an assembly, which thinks common sense a commodity of some use even in legislation, and ventures to decide, that to indulge one set of formal fools in a country is quite enough. The Quakers have their yea and nay, let them have it.

To argue with a Quaker upon this topic, or upon any other, from his broadbrim down to his heels, would be to rival his own absurdity. He is absurd in everything.

The Quaker thinks that every colour but drab is profane; yet, the sky is blue, the earth green, and the garden glows in every colour of the rainbow; and, in spite of the dogmas of George Fox, the only drab-

coloured material on the globe is mire, and the only animal that enjoys it, *except* the Quaker, is the pig.

The Quaker prides himself on avoiding all attention to the "outward man," yet he is the only man alive who makes peculiarity of dress a principle; thinks a capeless coat a practical virtue; and looks upon the veritable costume of angels as composed of a white beaver, a pair of brown breeches, and a pair of grey stockings.

The Quaker prides himself on his simplicity of speech, and *therefore* addresses every one as "thee and thou," in the fashion of a tragedy hero;—he boasts of his humility, and *therefore* disdains to take off his hat to any one; — and he flatters himself that he is the only teller of truth on the face of the earth, because he refuses to address any one as Mr. (master), while he calls every one he meets, *friend!*

It would be as curious a question to ask as it would be an easy one to answer — what must be the condition of the arts, sciences, literature, and of the general intelligence of the world, if all the population had the misfortune to be Quakers? What have their whole drab-coloured generation ever added to the knowledge, the elevation, or the elegance, of the human mind? What great painter — what great poet — what great architect — what great orator, sculptor, writer, philosopher—what beyond the lowest mediocrity have those mice of mankind ever contributed to the advance of our species? What voyage of discovery was ever made, or ever will be made, by a Quaker? What profound research in nature—

what salient and lofty effort of imagination—what vestige of an intellect, above buying and selling—what evidence of a soul, above the breath that enables the clay of which he is composed, to go about its business? What fragment would have been broken off from the intellectual trophies of the world, if the material of the whole Quaker genealogy had been chipped away and pulverized into the dust of the high road? What chasm would have been left in the noble history of national grandeur, of moral achievement, of public energy, of generous self-sacrifice, of fearless devotion to the cause of the country—if the whole prim and pale-faced tribe had been regularly conveyed from their cradles into the catacombs of Egypt, and there pickled among the mummies of primæval bats and rats, and the withered worshippers of both; to be afterwards turned into the furniture of museums, and excite the holiday laugh of the idlers of posterity?

August 6.—By an exhibition of genius beyond the flight of any human being *but* a Frenchman, Prince Louis Napoleon on this day invaded France! As the reigning King had not above half a million of soldiers at his command, his new rival thought it sufficient to assail him with half a hundred; one third of those, too, being invalids, another third the Prince's valets, and the remainder, heroes as wise as their leader. To ensure the secresy essential to all great undertakings; not a soul of the invading army knew what they were to do, or where they

were going; but if the armament, on the whole, might seem inadequate, they carried with them a talisman—an assurance of irresistible victory, in a veteran cocked-hat of Napoleon, and a pair of trowsers which the Emperor had worn in his flight from Waterloo!

The invading fleet consisted of a steam-boat; and the party prepared to favour his landing was composed of three policemen, a subaltern on half-pay, and a female opera singer. The plan of operations was equally bold and incomparable: it was, to capture Boulogne, turn the English sojourners there, men, women, and children, into a corps of cavalry and sharpshooters, make the town a fortress of the first magnitude, and, while the Prince despatched proclamations, announcing to all France that he was proceeding at the *pas de charge* to the Tuileries; send the steam-boat round to receive the submission of the Brest fleet, or, in case of resistance, to burn it, and raze the fortifications to the ground.

The plan failed; of course only by those accidents which have, in other times defeated all the efforts of courage and wisdom. For instance, the English could not be prevailed on to get out of their beds at five in the morning; but the policemen, being up too early, had got drunk; the subaltern had run away, and the opera singer was not to be found. The Prince, in this emergency, behaved like a hero, and fired a pistol, which took effect in the calf of a gendarme, the only shot fired in the battle. Count Montholon made one gallant effort to hoist his

pocket-handkerchief on his cane, as a rallying-point to all loyal Frenchmen; but, seeing his flag torn down and thrust into the pocket of its captor, he cried, "*Nous sommes trahis!*" the national cry on all occasions where matters go against them; it being an utter impossibility that any Frenchman can ever be beaten on fair ground. At length this illustrious struggle for a throne was relinquished: no heroism can contend against numbers; and Prince Louis Napoleon, surrounded by the guardians of the night, was conveyed to the watchhouse. In half an hour, the invasion was ended, and the gallant invaders were in durance and at breakfast; the population of Boulogne flocked to see them, as they would so many monkeys in a cage; and, when the captives were sent off in fetters, the town was dull for the rest of the day.

AUGUST 10.—A public meeting was held at Birmingham, attended with a vast deal of haranguing; the main figure of speech being, that "Lord Palmerston had betrayed England to Russia." The men of Birmingham listened with great curiosity; but being men of practical notions, and accustomed to making bargains, their especial inquiry of the orators was, what had his lordship got by the transaction? On this point the rumours were various, and we regret to say, rather unsatisfactory. Some were of opinion that the price was a barrel of herrings, cured originally for the Emperor's private table; others, that it was a dozen of pocket-handkerchiefs marked with his name

by the needle of the Empress; others, that it was the promise of a *tabatière*, turned by the Grand Duke, and to be sent when his lordship considered himself old enough to take snuff; the more general opinion being, that it was a cargo of sour krout, and the loan of one of the Imperial Chamberlains, to teach him to swallow it. As the question could not be answered, the Birmingham men saw no further use in the inquiry, and the accused nobleman was suffered to remain in her Majesty's councils.

August 10.—Mr. Poulett Thomson was created Baron Sydenham, of Kent, and of Toronto, in Canada. We moderns are rapidly beating the ancients out of the field. The Colossus of Rhodes stretched his legs across a little port in the Mediterranean, and was thought to do great things. But here is a strip of parchment that spans the ocean; a duplicate peerage, fixing one leg in Canada and the other in Kent — Poulett Thomson on stilts, with the Atlantic flowing between!

Canada is obtaining renown. Long charged with barrenness, she will now throw up peerages with the rapidity of mushrooms. Sir John Colbourne is already a lord (we acknowledge that he earned his title by good sense and gallantry); the Earl of Durham would inevitably have returned a Marquis, if he had not returned in wrath with everybody; and now we have Poulett Thomson the avant-courier of a train of lordships; until the Canadians shall place

an embargo on the import of English Viceroys, and erect a statue to M. Papineau in their new temple of the constitution.

AUGUST 11.—Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person. The session had been equally long and unproductive—the beginning occupied with Mr. O'Connell, the middle with Mr. Joseph Stockdale, and the end with the melancholy statistics of Mr. Joseph Hume.

AUGUST 11.—On this day the investigation into the deaths of the unfortunate individuals killed on the Hull and Selby railway closed, in a verdict of accidental death, and a heavy deodand on the engines. The frequency of those dreadful accidents has at length attracted the attention of Government, and a code of regulations has been drawn up for the guidance of the railway companies in future. If this measure had not been adopted, or if it shall not be attended with effect, we strongly fear that the invention — and a more powerful and important one has never been made — will become worse than useless, sink into unpopularity, and finish in the general ruin of the proprietors. It is, however, remarkable, that the accidents, for the first year, were extremely few; and that even now there is scarcely an instance in which they can be attributed to the actual defects of the engines. There have been, we understand, no accidents whatever on the Great Manchester and

Liverpool Railway during the past year. And the report of the Belgian Minister to his Government states distinctly, that on the Belgian railways no accident has taken place. Of course then, the cause in this country must be looked for in want of care, in too great rapidity of motion, and most of all in the dangerous habit of sending out one engine on the heels of another. The collisions thus produced have been of the most alarming description, and, until the whole system is rectified, the juries must persist in laying on heavy deodands.

August 11.—On this day his Royal Highness of Sussex was commissioned to transmit the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath to Espartero; which his Royal Highness, being a peculiarly discriminating judge of character, and famous for patriot phraseology, accompanied with a letter, pouring panegyric on the loyalty of the Spaniard. The letter ought to have been countersigned by Queen Christina, in her flight across the Pyrenees!

August 12.—Twenty-seven Carlist officers were shot in cold blood, on the capture of the fort del Collado de Alpuente; and this was done, when the war was over, when there was no possibility of their taking arms again, and when the Government, through mere policy, was preparing to proclaim a general amnesty. In two days after, sixty unfortunate soldiers were taken from their prison and also shot. We cannot comprehend those things. It is altogether

beyond our conception, that any man can find a delight in the terror, the wounds, and the dying agonies of unhappy beings, deprived of all power of injury, and soliciting only their lives. By whose command those savage murders were committed we cannot distinctly say; but the blood will yet fall on the head of the criminal.

AUGUST 15.—William Foster Geach, the son-in-law of Frost, the Welsh traitor, was convicted of forgery to a large amount, and sentenced to transportation. This personage was a patriot of the first water, a haranguer for universal rights, political purification, and reform in all and everything. He was at length detected in giving his practical ideas of morals; as his father-in-law had been, in elucidating his notions of allegiance. Forgery and rebellion were the true reading; and as they "were lovely in their lives," so in their fates they were *not* divided. Yet we should not be in the slightest degree surprised to hear, by the next Australian papers, that the Monmouth solicitor had been equally the subject of good fortune with the Monmouth traitor; and that William Foster Geach is at this moment, like his fellow-convict and father-in-law, enjoying some agreeable sinecure—

"All in the bosom of the southern main."

AUGUST 15.—The foundation-stone of a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott was laid in Edin-

burgh. We have no heart for displays of this order. Every man knows the bitter struggles which Scott had to endure in his latter days, the melancholy ruin of a fortune acquired by his ability, and lost by his ignorance of business; and the still more melancholy ruin of his mind by the sense of his undoing. And yet where was then the liberality that ought to have come forward? His countrymen are now subscribing to monuments in his honour all round Scotland. Yet the tenth part of the sum, if given to him in his day of struggle, might have made him a happy man. The mere money that will now be lavished upon a pile of stone and bronze in Edinburgh, where it can be of no use to any living being but the stone-cutter and the blacksmith, might have taken the burthern not only from his property, but his heart. But the fate of Burns was before his eyes, and before those of his country; and now those two powerful minds, which their country suffered to perish alike, are alike to be commemorated by national vanity, taking the form of chill, tardy, and worthless national gratitude.

August 18.—Louis Philippe attempted to come round from Dieppe to Boulogne, and flourish a little as a King who had a fleet, and who was not to be frightened at the sea. The royal experiment was a rather unlucky one. His steamer, the *Veloce*, was nearly lost in getting out of Dieppe, out of which the English steamers come every day; made three attempts to get into Boulogne, into which English

steamers run every day; and with all his loyal and royal expectants shouting to him to land, the King, after the three failures, was forced to make his experiment at Calais, where the *Veloce* finally went on shore! His Majesty, however, escaped on dry ground, and thenceforward proceeded to shower ribands and crosses on the faithful in the capture of that model of enterprise, the hare-brained *rejeton* of the Bonapartes.

The palpable truth is, that the sea will have nothing to do with the French; and the French, if they are wise, will have nothing to do with the sea. It is not their element; it takes the curl out of their ringlets, spoils their complexions, makes their taste in fiddling, dancing, and *diablerie* totally useless, and in war delights in turning their dockyards into places for building English ships, and themselves into English prisoners. Even in peace it takes every opportunity of maltreating them. We should be sorry that so clever a King as Louis Philippe had made his last bed in the sands of Boulogne; but his temerity really deserved rebuke, and in future we hope that he will remember the lesson, and never attempt navigation on a bolder or a broader scale than that of the Seine.

AUGUST 20.—Died, Otter, Bishop of Chichester. Few things in general puzzle us more than the Whig appointment of Bishops. We attempt to discover the motives, but always in vain. The late Bishop of Chichester was a very tall man, which was probably the reason of his being fixed on for a pillar of the

Church. A Bishop ought to be an eminent man; Otter was a harmless one; and lived to be seventy-two.

August 28.—The City of London presented the freedom of the corporation to Prince Albert. A great entertainment was provided by the proverbial hospitality of the citizens; but, to their infinite alarm, a rumour spread that there would be no Prince and no freedom, at Guildhall; and no dinner at the Mansion House! A negotiation took place, a compromise was effected, and the Prince finally appeared at Guildhall, read his patent of incorporation, and went away; leaving much the best part of the performance, the dinner, behind him. However, this did not prevent the givers of the feast from enjoying themselves; they had the honest and good-natured Duke of Cambridge at their table, and spent a loyal and a festive evening.

September 11.—The British expedition under Admiral Stopford appeared before Beyrout, the seaport of Damascus, and bombarded the forts erected by the Egyptian army. The weight of the fire rapidly demolished the works, while the town was spared for the sake of the inhabitants. The enemy's general, Solyman, (Colonel Selves, a Frenchman, and formerly aide de-camp to Soult), was driven out, to his own infinite astonishment; and the communication was opened with the mountain tribes in hostility to Mehemet Ali.

Thus commenced the series of those brilliant exploits which cleared the Syrian coast of all the Egyptian garrisons, defeated Ibrahim's troops in the interior, reduced the Pacha of Egypt to complete submission, and made a single month of warfare equal in effect and in renown to the most distinguished campaigns of Europe.

SEPTEMBER 12.—In consequence of a message sent by Lord Cardigan to Captain Tuckett, a duel was fought, in which Captain Tuckett was wounded. The affair subsequently underwent a long course of investigations, all ending in nothing—of the chief facts, there was no doubt whatever; that a challenge was given, a duel fought, and an individual so nearly exposed to loss of life as to be wounded; all were admitted. Against an offence of this kind, the letter of the law is strict — the man who maims another must be transported, the man who kills another must die. But the spirit of the law, still more dulcified by the spirit of the jury, always suffers the criminal to escape. There is no instance within memory, of a challenger's being hanged, except where some actual treachery was proved against him. Lord Cardigan finally removed his trial from the Courts of Westminster to the House of Lords; where, Captain Tuckett having been called in one part of the proceedings, by two Christian names only, while, in another, he was called by four, an objection was taken, and his lordship was declared to

be "not guilty, upon their honours," accordingly. We make no comments on this extraordinary affair. But as the fittings up of the House of Lords for this trial, are said to have cost some thousands of pounds, for a ceremony of about an hour; we hope that no more lords will be tried for shooting at her Majesty's subjects.

SEPTEMBER 16.—The Queen Regent of Spain accepted the resignation of her Ministry, annulled the Ayuntamiento Bill, and appointed Espartero *President of the Council.* This man was now master; and within a short period the Queen Regent was forced to deposit her power in the hands of a party whom she alike feared and hated, and eventually to abdicate the Regency, separate herself from her children, and take refuge in France. Yet, unfortunate as she is, Europe feels no sympathy for her. Her reign has been one of continual civil war; its miseries have torn away the very sinews of Spain; and the result of its long intrigues and bloody struggles has been, to leave the country at the mercy of an army.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Dost Mohammed, the expelled Sovereign of Cabul, suffered a signal and final defeat by a British force under Brigadier Dennie. Dost Mohammed was a bold and sagacious usurper, who, taking advantage of the habitual turbulence of Affghanistan, of the disaffection of a nation of warriors

by profession, and of the feebleness of the Monarch, had seized the throne. Once in power, he turned it, like had all despots, to conquest, and what he seized by violence or intrigue, he retained with the haughty defiance of a barbarian. At length he became so dangerous to the British allies, that the Governor-General was compelled to declare war. The most memorable march in Indian annals brought the British army, under Sir John Keane, into Affghanistan, a movement of thirteen hundred miles! The war was speedily decided. The fortress of Ghuzni, pronounced by the Indians to be impregnable, and even by the British engineers acknowledged to be unexpectedly strong, was taken by storm, and in a single night the blow was struck which decided the fall of the usurper's throne. A King of the exiled family was restored, and Dost Mohammed was driven into Tartary.

But after spending a year in raising a force among the wild mercenaries of the north, he returned, and made a bold attempt to recover his authority. In this he would have inevitably succeeded, if the British bayonet had not presented an obstacle, always decisive in the affairs of India. His experience would have taught him to keep aloof and trust to intrigue; but the inferiority of the British numbers probably tempted him to the attack; and with 10,000 troops, he poured down upon the British commander at the head only of 500. He was defeated, with a loss greater than the whole number of his assailants,

his army utterly dispersed, and, after a hopeless flight into the Desert, he was reduced, either by famine or despair, to surrender himself prisoner to the Brigadier.

Of the policy of interfering in the disputes of sovereigns, who know no art but treachery; and of attempting to teach law to nations which acknowledge no right but that of the stronger; there may be just doubts; but of the gallantry of the troops, and the uniform superiority of the British power in India, there can be but one opinion.—England has no rival, from the Himmalaya to Cape Comorin.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Madame Laffarge, whose trial occupied the whole soul and eyes of France for the last three months, was found guilty of poisoning her husband, but under "extenuating circumstances," and sentenced to the pillory and hard labour for life. What "circumstances" can extenuate the palpable poisoning of a lady's husband we are not able to conceive; but Madame was a very pretty woman, made "much more interesting," as the journals termed it, by the paleness of her confinement, and the langour of a pair of very large and very black Southern eyes; in short, a visage worthy of a heroine of romance, or the favourite Sultana of his Highness the Emperor of the true believers. M. Laffarge, an old usurer, had married her for those black eyes, and she had married him for his money. Marriages of this order have taken place in other countries, but the "march

of mind," the "fire of the soul," the noble "right of doing all things by impulse," with all the other fine phrases which belong to the eloquence of the land of the inclinations, make a pill or a pistol the ready resource of handsome young wives, who happen to grow tired of ugly old husbands. As in all French dramas, there was an under plot; and what is French life but a drama. There was a minor affair interwoven with the bolder action; some robbery of jewels, a sentimental correspondence, and various other romantic things; a mingling of Rousseau and Cagliastro, of the novelist and the pickpocket. But this is at once too deep and too delicate for us. The result of the whole was the sentence which we have seen. Yet the French know the value of an "interesting topic" too well to let it escape; and Madame is to be again brought before the tribunals, and discussed in the journals for as many months more.

SEPTEMBER 19. — The well-known bank of the Hammersleys, in Pall Mall, suddenly closed; the alleged reason being the death of the last member of the firm. This event naturally produced great alarm in the depositors, and general surprise in London. The long-standing, extensive dealings, and received character of the bank, had given it much influence at home, and more abroad. Its letters of credit issued to travellers, were considerably used on the Continent, and their sudden stoppage must have produced formidable inconvenience to their holders.

SEPTEMBER 20.—The engineers marked out the first lines of the proposed fortifications of Paris. This day will, probably, be long referred to in the French annals, as the first of a series of daring and terrible experiments on the peace of Europe and the liberty of France. The people will be recorded as the only nation on earth, so fond of molesting and mastering their neighbours, at all risks, as to be ready to dig a mine under themselves in the hope of involving them in the explosion; and the king, as the only monarch who could mistake public terror for public opinion, and having the voice of law for his title, would prefer its proclamation from the mouth of cannon and mortars. The still higher objection is, that it plants the principle of force, where the principle of allegiance ought alone to be found; that, internally making the capital only a vast dungeon, it externally makes it a frowning and insulting menace to all Europe; that with such an evidence of kingly power before their eyes, the people will never be able to feel confidence in the goodwill of their government; nor, with such palpable means of popular coercion, will the government ever be able to distinguish between the fears and the feelings of the people.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Died Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, at the age of 75. The Marshal was an officer of distinguished ability, boldness, and experience. But those qualities belonged to others of the French generals; he had the more distinguishing

characteristic of never being charged with those atrocities or corruptions which stained the fame of nearly all the most memorable officers of the Republic and the empire. Constantly in the field, whether sharing the triumphant days of Napoleon, or suffering like the rest the common failures of the Imperial fortunes in the closing periods of the war, he was never stigmatized with massacre, plunder, or tyranny.

No officer of the French armies had seen more of war. Entering the army of the Republic at an early age, he was present at nearly all the campaigns on the Rhine. In the Italian campaign of Suwarrow, Macdonald was one of the most active opponents of that great and original warrior of the north. He was finally beaten through Italy, and out of Italy, but, in this he only underwent the common fate of every Frenchman who fought against the Russian hero. Suwarrow's tactics were a terrible novelty. He combined the wild rush of the Tartar hordes with the steady strength of European armies. For this the French troops were unprepared. They found themselves outmarched when they attempted to manœuvre, and crushed when they ventured to stand. The descriptions of Suwarrow's battles are the descriptions of massacres,—the attack incessant, the execution terrible, and the spirit of the opposing force utterly extinguished in the field. The battles in central Italy, were days of continued slaughter. The single battle of Novi utterly destroyed the army of Joubert; the rest of the cam-

paign against Moreau and Macdonald was a continued pursuit, with the sword perpetually mowing down the flying battalions of France, until they were driven over the Alps, and Italy was cleared of every footstep of her invaders—nothing remaining of them but the bones, which whitened her mountains, her morasses, the ramparts of her cities, and the banks of her rivers.

The Italian campaigns of Napoleon were the most refined application of military science; those of Suwarrow the fiery force of irresistible courage. Napoleon, by the dexterity of his tactics, his variety of manœuvre, the incessant activity of his movements, and the intuitive skill with which he discovered the weak point of his enemy, exhibited the most dazzling examples of European war. But Suwarrow's Italian battles were of a character altogether distinct, and altogether superior. They were less scientific than startling; assaults daring, desperate, and furious; rather bursts of vengeance than displays of soldiership; less a gallant struggle against a gallant enemy, than an overwhelming and rapid retribution on a crowd of armed criminals whose time was come. The conquest, on which Napoleon, with all his genius, was forced to consume two years, was achieved by the great Russian in a month. If Napoleon afterwards re-conquered it in a day, at Marengo, that day was lost by Austrian confidence, as the country was abandoned by Austrian timidity; a mock negotiation accomplished what could not have been effected by

the sword. But the first Italian campaign of Suwarrow still remains unexampled — an evidence of the power which may be inspired into a tardy and formal national force, by a single original and daring mind. Russia, neither before nor since, has produced such a leader of men, and may never produce another Suwarrow.

On the commencement of the German war of 1813, Macdonald fought gallantly, in command of the French army, in Silesia; but his troops gave way before the new-born spirit of the Prussians, led by Blucher. After losing 15,000 men, with all his artillery and baggage, in the retreat from the Katzbach; he was driven into France. Yet, in this defeat, he only shared the fortunes of Napoleon.

On the restoration of the Royal Family he retained his rank, refused to sully it by rejoining Napoleon on his escape from Elba, and spent his latter years in tranquillity and universal esteem.

October 3. — Prince Louis Napoleon was sentenced, by the Court of Peers in Paris, to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, his accomplices being sentenced to the same punishment for periods of various lengths. This sentence does honour to the leniency of the King. Louis Napoleon had forfeited his life by all the laws of nations, and the natural fate of his foolish associates would have consigned them all to gibbets on the heights of Boulogne, within twenty-four hours after their capture. But on this occasion the royal ermine was not tinged

with a single drop of blood. Perpetual imprisonment has a fearful sound; yet to men of the brains of Prince Louis Napoleon it is the work of mercy. Hot-headed fools are dangerous to mankind, for they betray other and better men into misfortunes. If this Prince had not been half frantic, he would not have attempted his extravagant expedition, and the men whom his rashness led into ruin would not be now in the dungeons of Ham. We hope, however, that Montholon, a brave soldier and faithful man, and led into treason only by a chivalric fidelity to the remembrance of Napoleon, may not be forgotten by the more active mercy of Louis Philippe. He ought to be liberated.

October 7.—The King of Holland resigned his throne to his son, the Prince of Orange. What has romance beyond this? At seventy years of age his Majesty fell in love. The idea of his marriage was startling to his family and his subjects; and, to relieve both, he laid down his diadem. Mark Antony "lost a world for love," but he was a brilliant Italian, in the vigour of life, a man of fiery passions, an Eastern conqueror, a Western hero; and "the love" for which he lost it was the most captivating woman in the world. But here we have a lover past his grand climacteric; the native of a soil covered one half the year with frost, and the other with fog; a Dutchman! abandoning his crown jewels for a Dutch countess, who certainly lays no claim to be a Cleopatra. A

new Ovid ought to be created, to write their Epithalamium.

October 12. — Queen Christina abdicated the Regency of Spain. It is to be hoped that his Highness, the new head of the Government, still wears the Grand Cross of the Bath, sent to him by the British Ministry, for his gallant fidelity to the cause of the royal exile.

October 22.—M. Thiers, having blown the trumpet of war, until he could blow it no more, dropped it out of his hands. A proposal to commence hostilities in the Levant first startled the King; and the irrestrainable exultation of all the republicans in France, crying out that they wanted nothing but a war, to commence a revolution, having penetrated even the walls of the Cabinet, M. Thiers, the man of epigram, was Minister no more. The King immediately sent for Marshal Soult, Soult sent to London for Guizot, and a Cabinet was formed, to the utter exclusion of the smallest warrior in France. On the 30th of this month, Marshal Soult was appointed President of the Council, with M. Guizot, Minister for foreign Affairs. M. Thiers has since been constantly busy, but as constantly baffled, glad to be employed by the job, but hopeless of regular wages. The French caricature him, as a coachman pulled down from his box, and asking leave to be allowed to scramble up behind.

The commencement of the Guizot ministry offers one of the most fortunate occasions, since the fall of the Empire, for restoring the true honour of France, and assuring the general tranquillity of Europe. M. Guizot has great supports;—for the first time in the century, a vigorous king in France; the allied courts unanimous in their weariness of war; and the public opinion of nations looking forward to nobler uses of human faculties than the sanguinary follies of their forefathers. The French Minister commands a great horizon: he stands, too, on a height, to which he has neither crept by intrigue, nor been flung up by faction. In his progress he had shown the powers that fitted him for success; his rank has been reached by the legitimate means of superior ability; and, standing, as he now does, at the summit of ministerial authority, his original proportions are still kept to the eye; he has not been diminished by his elevation.

That the retiring and hitherto subordinate career of M. Guizot is demonstrative of his unfitness for the highest place, we cannot allow. Very powerful minds may linger long in comparative obscurity. We even doubt, whether the highest order of minds may not rather linger in voluntary obscurity, than adopt the bustling, clamorous, and profligate course which, in a profligate time conducts to power. We are sure, at least, that an aversion to that course is the natural impulse of a man of principle; and we are equally sure, that the grand desideratum of French Government at this hour is a man of principle at the head of her Cabinet.

OCTOBER 22.—Died, Lord Holland, at Kensington. The immediate illness which put an end to his Lordship's life was sudden; almost precluding medical aid; but his constitution had been so long undermined by the gout, as to create surprise that it had held together so long.

Lord Holland was the nephew of the too memorable Charles Fox, the founder of the modern Whigs, a man among the most striking examples of the uselessness of great abilities undirected by common prudence or constitutional principle. His nephew followed in his track, and with the usual fate of imitators—Fox ruined his party, and Lord Holland ruined its ruins. Under Fox it was a wreck, but still with some semblance of the gallant vessel that it had been a century before; but Lord Holland cut it down to a privateer, and, hoisting on it the Radical flag, manned it with refugees.

As it was his destiny to be born a Whig, it was his misfortune never to possess the vigour of mind to throw off that disabling inheritance. Thus, commencing public life a political hunchback, he limped to the last; with the most restless eagerness for office, always forced to feel his own inadequacy; and, in the worst extremities of his party, able to aid them only by an unintelligible protest, or an exploded pun.

Yet he had some better qualities: he was fond of books and of society, and was, perhaps, the only opulent man of his party who ever gave a dinner without an intrigue. As a private character, he was

amusing, easy, and, in the common sense of the word, amiable. It was as a politician that he was out of his element—a fish always attempting to fly, and always dropping on shore, heavy and helpless, and the more exhausted, the more he struggled to make way. And this was his account of 67 years!

NOVEMBER 2.—Died, Sir Anthony Carlisle, a man of ability in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, and of general acquirements in literature. He had been for many years professor of anatomy to the Royal Academy, an appointment, which, though of no emolument, is regarded as honourable in the public estimation of the individual at once for taste in the fine arts, and for professional science. From ill health and ill fortune, he died leaving his two daughters destitute of all provision. The medical men of England are now preparing to erect a memorial to the late Sir Astley Cooper. How much more rationally, naturally, and humanely would their subscriptions be employed, in administering to the wants of the impoverished daughters of Sir Anthony Carlisle, than in heaping monumental vanities on the tomb of a man who is charged with having made, and *kept*, half a million of money.

NOVEMBER 3.—The fortress of St. Jean d'Acre was attacked and taken by the British fleet under Admiral Stopford. This achievement has been pronounced,

by the greatest living authority of soldiership, the Duke of Wellington, one of the most extraordinary exploits of modern warfare. Acre has been memorable for its sieges from the time of the Crusades; its locality, by commanding the supply of corn and merchandize to the interior of that vast region, always rendering its possession a matter of high importance. In the French invasion, it had defended itself for fifty-two days of open trenches, repulsing nine assaults, and finally driving Napoleon from its walls. The success of this bold defiance of the first military name of Europe, at the head of troops flushed by the conquest of Italy, was subsequently declared to have broken up his project of Eastern Empire. Of Sir Sydney Smith, who, at the head of the crews of his two ships, *Le Pompèe* and *Le Tigre*, conducted the defence; Napoleon, at St. Helena, declared—"That man cut asunder the chain that I would have twined round the Empire of the East. He broke my spell. Acre forced me to turn my face to Europe."

In the invasion of Syria by the army of Mehemet Ali, in 1832, Acre cost Ibrahim an eight months' siege, and then yielded only to famine. From that period every opportunity of increasing its strength had been employed by the sagacious and indefatigable Pacha. Its fortifications were repaired by French and Italian engineers; the ramparts were mounted with nearly two hundred pieces of heavy cannon; and the garrison was augmented to six thousand men, commanded by a Polish officer of dis-

tinguished character. On the whole, the place was pronounced impregnable.

On the 2nd of November, the fleet under Sir Robert Stopford, consisting of nine sail, with two Austrian frigates, and a Turkish line-of-battle ship, appeared before Acre. The summons to the commandant was returned with peculiar scorn. On the 3rd, at three in the afternoon, the squadron opened their fire. In three hours the fire of the garrison was wholly beaten down! The principal magazine blew up; and the sailors and marines were about to land and storm, when it was announced that the garrison had surrendered. At sunrise the allied flags were waving on the ramparts, and the survivors of the garrison were prisoners, to the number of four thousand men.

Thus this powerful fortress was overwhelmed, crushed, almost literally torn out of the ground, by a British assault, within three hours. If the storm of Ghuzni showed that the prowess of the British soldiers was still all that it had been, the bombardment of Acre shows that the British seaman is still equally the warrior of Howe and Nelson. The scene is described as being most magnificent during the battle, and most fearful after it — the fortress shattered to fragments, the dwellings everywhere pierced by the balls or blown up by the shells, and the loss of human life on the part of the garrison dreadful; the streets, the ramparts, and the houses exhibiting in all directions the most startling and melancholy instances of hu-

man suffering. We deplore those instances; we deeply regret the terrible calamities of war: no pride of victory can make us forget that the unfortunate beings who thus suffered were our fellow-men. But we must take to ourselves the consolation, that no part of those calamities was wantonly inflicted; that we have been forced into those hostilities only in deference to the solemn compacts, by which, for a hundred years past, we have guaranteed the safety of the Turkish throne; and that every effort had been made that negociation could make, to save us from the dreadful necessity of war. It is certainly not from the voice of England that the words of haughty defiance and reckless avidity for conquest have been heard. She has deprecated and delayed; has answered insolent menace by generous forbearance, and has returned threats of actual invasion, only by new declarations of her desire for the peace of the world.

But the capture of Acre will show, that if she bore insult calmly, it was not from want of nerve; as, that if she sought peace, it was not from want of power. We wish only that those invincible heroes, the war-proclaiming journalists of Paris, with M. Thiers for their trumpeter, or their buffoon, had been standing on the ramparts of St. Jean d'Acre on the 3rd of November: the scene would have added something to their experience, if nothing to their wisdom. M. Thiers, if he had not been swept where braggarts are no more noisy than brave men, would

have found new figures for his exhausted oratory; and his brother journalists and tools would have found that it was pleasanter to traffic in taunts than to face danger, and much safer to practise on English contempt across the Channel, than to meet English cannon on sea or shore. If the bones of their idol, Napoleon, could speak, he would give them the same lesson; and it would well repay the strong absurdity of their bringing back the reliques of a British prisoner, to transform them into a memorial of national heroism. We hope that the warriors of the inkstand will now allow England to live!

An invidious attempt has been made, on the Continent, to enfeeble the splendour of this triumph, by attributing the capture to the blowing up of the magazine. But that event did not occur until the second hour from the commencement of the attack, while, in fact, the victory was gained from the first broadside. Its effects were so tremendous that it almost instantly overpowered the fire from the ramparts. Upwards of fifty cannon were found thrown from their carriages, the ramparts torn down in large masses, and all the defences bearing the evidence of an irresistible discharge. But its political results were the most unanswerable proofs of its eminence as a feat of arms. It finished the Syrian war, and with it all the intrigues, factious negociations, and insolent menaces which had filled Europe during the suspense of the Eastern question. It instantly changed the tone of the French journalists, from the

most noisy insolence to moderation; it reached even America, just in time to prevent the eagerness of her factions for robbing England, from forcing her helpless government into the folly and fury of a war. It strengthened the hands of the great European governments against the Jacobinism that was again threatening the world with bloodshed; and it taught both the friends and the enemies of our country that, even after the inexperience and inaptitude of twenty-five years of peace, she could still execute judgment upon the disturbers of mankind.

NOVEMBER 5.—The King of the French opened the Session of the Chambers in person. The whole garrison of Paris was on foot—one half in the streets, the other under arms in their barracks. After the usual formularies had been gone through, the King, in a firm voice, delivered a speech, of which the more important portion is the following:—

"Gentlemen Peers and Deputies,

"I have felt the necessity of assembling you round me before the ordinary period of the convocation of the Chambers. The measures which the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, have taken in concert to regulate the relations between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt, have imposed serious duties upon me. I have the dignity of my country at heart, as much as its security and repose. In persevering in the moderate and conciliatory policy, of which we have reaped the fruit for the last ten years, I have placed

France in a position to face the chances which the course of events in the East may produce. The extraordinary credits which have been opened with this intention will be submitted to you, and you will appreciate the motives of them. I continue to hope that the general peace will not be disturbed. It is necessary for the general common interests of Europe, the happiness of its population, and the progress of civilization. I depend upon you to assist me to maintain it, as I should rely upon you, if the honour of France, and the rank which she holds amongst the nations, commanded us to make new efforts. Peace was re-established in the north of Spain, and we congratulated ourselves on that happy result. We should see with pain that the evils of anarchy came to replace the evils of civil war. I have the most sincere interest in Spain: may the stability of Isabella II., and of the institutions which ought to sustain the throne, preserve that noble country from the long and grievous evils of revolutions!"

We have here the declaration of the new French Cabinet on the crisis. It is what we anticipated from the manliness and good sense of the King. It declares, what every one will admit, that the measures of the Four Allies, have imposed serious duties on the French Government;" but that those serious duties are, to take care that neither Europe shall be disturbed by war nor France by faction, is evidently the language of the explanatory paragraph which follows this declaration :—

"I have the dignity of my country at heart, as much as its security and repose. In persevering in the *moderate and conciliatory* policy, of which we have *reaped the fruits for*

the last ten years, I have placed France in a position to face the chances which the course of events in the East may produce."

This is an important paragraph. By adverting to the course of the *last ten* years, as exhibiting the advantages of peace, the King identifies his *whole reign* with the principle of peace. He establishes its advantages as the best results of a government, which began in 1830; and declares the mutual harmony of nations to have been, and of course still to be, his primary and persevering policy. This is even said still more explicitly:—

"*I continue to hope that the general peace will not be disturbed.* It is *necessary* for the general common interests of Europe, the happiness of its population, and the progress of civilization."

Surely a line of conduct which is *necessary* to the existence of the three things—the common good of mankind, the happiness of the respective nations, and the progress of the human mind—themselves the supreme objects for which society was established,—cannot be abandoned by any Cabinet which professes to have a sense of the first duties of power. This is language of a totally different complexion from the malignant and venomous personalities of the displaced faction. We have here none of that tirade of insults to France, "injured honour," "unappeaseable indignities," and "incalculable wrongs," which the war faction flung through France, scattering them

like the fireworks of mischievous boys; and scattering them, at once with the thoughtlessness of boys, and the traitorous fury of incendiaries.

NOVEMBER 7.—The Sultan issued a firman, granting protection to the Syrian Jews, at the request of the Christian Sovereigns. This event, though local, may yet be but the beginning of others which are destined to change the face of the world. It is remarkable, to see this change occurring, in that especial land which had been divinely given to their forefathers; from which their national expulsion was by the divine sentence; and to which their restoration is announced by prophecy.—A solemn protection given to them, for the first time in Asia since the fall of Jerusalem, and that protection given by the Mahometan, who was appointed for their scourge, and at the demand of the Christian powers. If this be not a general evidence of a great intended recovery of the Israelite, it is difficult to account for such a coincidence of persons, interests, and feelings. But we must wait. It is only wisdom to urge neither circumstances nor conclusions with precipitancy. Yet if we must not anticipate the day, may we not discern the dawn?—even our generation may live to see mighty times.

NOVEMBER 13.—The contest for the office of High Steward of the University of Cambridge terminated

in the return of Lord Lyndhurst, who was elected by a majority of 485 over Lord Lyttleton.

It was essential to the honour of the University that the election should end as it did. We have no wish to speak carelessly of Lord Lyttleton; he has exhibited a diligence in his academic studies which does him credit. But, to compare *him* with Lord Lyndhurst was too strong a burlesque. He has obtained a "Craven scholarship," it is true; but what is it, after all, but the prize of a boy? How many have obtained it, and how many will yet obtain it, who will never obtain anything else, the moment they step beyond the walls of their college. If Lord Lyttleton is a mathematician, we shall give him a problem: "How many dozen of Craven scholars would it take to make a Lord Lyndhurst?" We are glad of the result, even for the sake of the University. One of the scoffs of men of sense and the world, at all colleges, is the absurd estimate which their inmates make of college distinctions; their forgetting, in little local competitions, the real struggles which confer public fame, and imagining that the small prizes of the examination actually shine in the national eye,—in short, realizing the well-known story of the Senior Wrangler, who, on coming to London, and happening to visit Covent Garden theatre one night when the King went there; took it for granted that the rising of the audience was intended for himself, and, in the spirit of proud humility, begged of them "not to over-

whelm him by so public a homage to his college victory." With triflers of this antiquated order the Lord Lyttletons may be the greatest geniuses upon earth; a "Newcastle medal" may outlive the trophies of a Burke or a Pitt; and a "Craven scholarship" may eclipse the lustres of a Wellington. But the University has shown, on this occasion, that she is superior to those monkish senilities; that she can give honour where honour is due; and that the necessarily narrow and temporary distinctions which her schools furnish to promising boys, can bear no comparison with the solid claims to national honour advanced by a life employed in the highest studies, learning signalized by the noblest professional rank, and talents which have no superior in the legislature or in the land.

To place Lord Lyttleton side by side with an orator, lawyer, and statesman, of the rank of Lord Lyndhurst, was really to treat him with the greatest cruelty. The truth is, that we cannot conceive his lordship's trivial and very transitory honours to have been the actual grounds on which he was urged to recommend himself to Cambridge. But the bedchamber women required a representative at the University! Who so fit, as a boy, whose politics were as unstable as a shape of *blancmange;* whose mother was one of the bedchamber already; who had accepted the Lord Lieutenancy of Worcestershire from the smiling functionary by whom Mr. Owen had been turned into a courtier; and who, having displayed his parliamentary nullity in one speech,

defying all mankind to know on which side he spoke; is likely to give the only evidence of his wisdom by never attempting another?

This was more than a struggle of individuals, it was a test of principles; Cambridge was more on its trial than either of the candidates. But its character was honourably maintained; the Conservatism of the University carried the day by a majority nearly *double* the number of votes obtained by the Ministerial candidate, Lord Lyttleton.

NOVEMBER 12.—An accident occurred on the London and Birmingham Railway, by which two engineers were killed.

The Railway is the most powerful, striking, and important invention of an inventive time, capable of almost infinitely adding to the conveniences of private life, and of spreading mutual intercourse, which is the great power of civilization, to an incalculable extent throughout the world. Yet if the loss of life shall continue of this daily occurrence, the use of this magnificent invention must be nugatory to all who value their limbs more than their speed, and the immense sums already expended on them in England will be virtually thrown away.

The railway has, in its nature, such obvious advantages over every other mode of conveyance, in its rapidity, smoothness, and comfort; in the extent of its accommodation, and even in the elegance which might be added to that accommodation, as to make its safety a direct national object. From its capabi-

lity of moving the most extraordinary burdens, it might convert its carriages into splendid saloons, fitted up with every luxury of opulent or even of princely life; it might be a moving mansion, rather than a rapid coach. In time, it might be a succession of rich and various apartments, with rooms for refreshment, reading, retirement, and every conceivable purpose of elegant enjoyment. If this is called fanciful, it is only what has been done already in the steam-boat. It would be scarcely a greater change than has been made in the ordinary American passage, handsome as the packets were. Since the *Great Western* and *British Queen* have begun to traverse the Atlantic, we have in those vessels, not ships but floating palaces, no narrow and simple cabins, for forty or fifty cramped and uncomfortable passengers; but flying households of two or three hundred people, sitting in painted and gilded saloons, surrounded with every luxury of life; and rushing through the ocean with the speed of eagles.

November 15.—The debates in the French Chambers on the King's Speech closed with a large majority for the Soult-Guizot Cabinet. Nothing can be more elucidatory of the utter hollowness of all that M. Thiers has been raving and romancing, for the last six months. It is acknowledged, even by his faction, that he makes a miserable figure before the public.

No one can believe, that it could be the personal desire of any rational minister to involve his country

in the dangers of a foreign war, dangers which would inevitably have been followed by those of a civil one. The natural desire of a man, who, like M. Thiers, had suddenly been flung up into an elevation to which he could never have climbed; a foundling of fortune, who had suddenly seized an heirship; an obscure writer, as strangely tossed above his natural position, as a peasant shot up from his hovel to hang on one of the horns of the moon; *must* be, to enjoy his height as long, which means, as quietly, as he could. But the little political magician had reached the summit of his hopes; and in that moment the arrogant spirit which had carried him up from obscurity, demanded the fulfilment of the bond.

There are still men in France who raised the scaffold for Louis XVI; and who have not forgotten the brilliant but bloody days of Republican supremacy. They have been crushed, but theirs is the worm that never dies. If the bolder rebels have been sent headless to their "place," there are those, who, like the Demoniacs, that they might not be precipitated into judgment, have been content to hide among the swine. With those disturbers the power of evil is everything; and, though driven into the political wilderness, and abhorred of men, they have continued to haunt the borders of society. To the old actors in the great overthrow of 1793, the shout of the mob in the second and final fall of the Bourbons in 1830, was a summons to try their chances with the populace again. That the few men of sense or principle in

France—that the noble families—that the sons of all whose melancholy history was written on the streaming steps of the guillotine, must dread and deprecate the return of Democracy, we perfectly feel. But it is now fifty years since the day of Regicide. A new generation has been born. In France nature is always inverted; the fools decide for the rational, the young are the councillors of the old; *La jeune France* is always infallible. The child is the master of the man—wise without experience, intelligent without thought, and learned without knowledge; instinct is the national guide. If a Royal road to learning was laughed at by the ancient sage, the Republican road to freedom would have satisfied him that the absurdities of human presumption are inexhaustible.—He would have seen a high-crowned hat and black cravat, instantly comprehending the whole sublime of patriotism; the ragged rabble of a profligate capital turned into legislators by a flourish of the pike; and a little country solicitor carried to the summit of public council, with all his statesmanship acquired in penning paragraps for a party newspaper.

It is not to be supposed, that M. Thiers desired war, or that he desired anything, but to fix himself on the height to which he had been thrown up, in the explosion of the monarchy; his wish *must* have been, to avoid every movement that could expose his infirm footing to the blasts which so incessantly blow round the pinnacles of power. But the party could not suffer this. They had created him, and he must

do their will. Out of the clay of the streets they had fabricated him into a piece of gilded pottery, with the royal stamp upon it. They had found him a shrivelled scribbler; with the fumes from their cauldron they had swelled him into a minister; and they were determined that their inflation should not be thrown away, their official man of gas must not escape beyond the length of the cordage in their hands. Thus M. Thiers was compelled to be a "warrior;" thus the voice of the little minister was trumpeted daily through a hundred journals; thus he was forced to strut in pasteboard armour before Europe, make giants, and kill them with remorseless heroism.

Under this diversity of impulse his course must, of necessity, have been diverse. The rifle-ball may go the more direct for the spiral of the barrel; but the path of the political pedlar, continually crossed by the political highwayman, must be perpetual obliquity. What are the facts?

Six months ago, on the accession of the Thiers' Ministry, the party had exhibited the strongest disposition to provoke hostilities with Europe, and especially with England. Every journal was let loose upon her, the good feeling which had hitherto been cherished by growing intercourse between the two countries was turned into bitterness; and, if M. Thiers did not proclaim war in the council, all his friends proclaimed it in the streets. In three months after, the Treaty of July 15th was signed. The journals of the party turned this into the ground of

what they had been seeking so long—a national quarrel. They declared, that France had been excluded from the Treaty, as an insult, and that, therefore, she *must* go to war. But it was proved, by the plainest evidence, that France herself had previously withdrawn from all share in the Treaty; that she had been invited to join, and had haughtly refused; and thus that the whole clamour was a party deception.

This is the language of M. Guizot in the debate in the Chambers:—"The allied Governments had no wish to exclude France from the Treaty of July 15th. But France, of her own accord, had retired from the conference." Those words are as conclusive as they are undeniable.

But what now says M. Thiers, of the war which his journals so violently urged on his country?—"I had no idea of war," says he; "I armed to effect an imposing demonstration—I armed, to gain time. I should not have been ready for war before next year." He negotiates, too, to gain time! But Europe was not to be trifled with any longer. The throne of France must have been shaken by the first collision of party: and the Minister was extinguished, to save the country.

France cannot live much longer without a solid Constitution. Europe will not endure a government of perpetual change in the central and most powerful kingdom of the continent. It will not suffer a perpetual laboratory of political poisons to be throwing out its fumes on every wind, burning up every

soil in its vicinage, and blackening with its smoke the furthest horizon of mankind. Without the slightest wish for conquest, Europe would finally be compelled to war. A general combination to suppress the general disturber would be the dictate of necessity, and the result must be fatal to France. Whenever the thanksgiving for their triumph was to be celebrated, France would be seen bound to the horns of the altar. In fact, our hopes of M. Guizot are founded on the difference of his talents and career from those of his predecessor.

We know the qualities of M. Thiers, and of the class of whom he takes the lead; and we have no hesitation in affirming that they are cheap, common, and dangerous. There is not a commune in France, a borough in England, or a little convocation in any State of Europe, (where any approach to freedom of speech is suffered), which does not exhibit exactly the same species of ability. Situation may be required, circumstances must open the way, the public mind must be prepared, and then inevitably comes the embodying of the wandering spirit in some active and ambitious demagogue. The gas is everywhere floating throughout the political atmosphere, until some quick practitioner collects it in his retort, and keeps it ready either to illumine or to explode. There are men of this restless and revolutionary caste in every country, in every condition of life, and in every stage of society. What want of fluent haranguers, ready-made politicians, or self-sufficient statesmen, was ever found in a land of faction? Even in

England, with all the quietude of the national character, and still more, with all the keen sense of ridicule which burns off the wings of presumptuous vulgarity; every village vestry has its orator, every municipal corporation its political genius, and every obscure club its "master mind;" which, whether cobbler or "professional agitator," thinks itself qualified to manage the world.

In France has there ever been a want of this charlatan tribe since the first days of the Revolution? Has her puppet-show of politics ever stood still for want of a blower of its cracked trumpet, or an audience in the streets? In the times of the old Monarchy no one dreamed of the bustling, loud-tongued, desperate statesmanship that was living in attics and cellars, and existing by the meagre trades, or by the startling impurities of the "great metropolis" of gaiety, beggary, and iniquity. Yet the moment that saw the pressure of monarchy taken off, saw the latent and venomous vitality of this vast and reptile class of existence springing up into evil. Europe beheld, with the astonishment of the travellers in the desert, the rabble—the moral sands, which had lain so long only to be trodden on, suddenly heaving into surges before the revolutionary gale, and rising higher still, until they rushed in columns of consuming fire. In reading Romilly's letters on Switzerland, as he had known it in his youth, we see characters given of public agitators, the exact counterparts of those who figured in the

French National Assembly, and even in the British. We have a merchant, who dictates with the haughtiness of Grey; a village lawyer, who harangues with the morbidness of Russell; and a shopkeeper, who flourishes with all the boldness, variety, and sophistry of Fox himself. But their location was five hundred miles from London; the roof of the Swiss Assembly was their extinguisher, and their fame was narrowed to the cold and dry pages of their Whig compatriot here — a fate little more glorious than strangulation on the spot. The Thiers school of statesmen spring up like mushrooms, the moment that the first heat penetrates the rank and corrupting soil. They are the ready evil of all lands, the original weedy infliction of Nature, covering the soil with unwholesome luxuriance and prickly produce; to be kept down only by useful culture, and at once punishing the indolence and compelling the labour of society. The generation of the Thiers politicians is infinite, and everywhere; it can no more be exhausted than frogs in Holland; but the wisdom of kings cannot be too vigorously exerted in preventing the progeny of the swamp from being the live stock of the soil, and prohibiting the grotesque and loathsome fertility of Nature from invading royal chambers, and swelling into an Egyptian plague.

NOVEMBER 21.—The Princess Royal of England was born.

In a country like ours, the undisputed succession

to the throne is a matter of the highest importance. The constitution is expressly for the purpose of giving every man the power of following his pursuits, uninjured by the oppression of the high, or the violence of the low. The grand object is universal security. The throne itself fulfils its chief value to the empire in its adding to that security. When the Republicans insolently ask, "What is the use of a hereditary throne?" the true answer is, "Its prohibiting all competitorship." We too well know the desperate conflicts to which the disputed crown of the Roses gave rise, not to regard the perpetual avoidance of similar struggles as essential to national happiness. In this sense, which is the highest constitutional one, we congratulate the country on the Royal birth, as a new pledge of national peace. We leave the hangers-on of courts to use the language of sycophants, or the tools of faction to calumniate royalty.

The Conservatives are neither, and we adopt the expressions natural to the feelings of those who, honouring the throne for its public rights, and valuing the sitter on the throne for the performance of its public duties, offer a homage whose sincerity does not depend on the changes of party, and whose loyalty is founded on manliness, rectitude, and freedom.

NOVEMBER 28.—The King of the Netherlands was inaugurated in Amsterdam, on the resignation of his father.

DECEMBER 6.—Sir Robert Stopford sent to Mehemet Ali the ultimatum of the Four Powers, demanding the prompt submission of the Pasha, and the evacuation of Syria, Adana, Candia, Arabia, and the so called "Holy Cities." On the 10th, the Pasha transmitted his answer of unconditional submission. Thus ended the campaign of Syria, in which, brief as it was, our ships and troops signalized themselves in a manner worthy of the highest renown of arms. The Ministerial journal elevates its crest with peculiar loftiness on this subject, and asks, Where are now the cavils which represented the Whigs as unfit for government, the fleet as unfit for action, and everything going wrong in Lord Palmerston's hands? All this eloquence requires but a very short answer. No man ever denied that a lucky accident might fall to the lot of a Whig, as well as to that of any other dependant on fortune, that a blunderer might be occasionally successful, or that a Cabinet, whose principle consists in doing nothing, may, from time to time, find their work done for them. No man doubted that the habitual bravery of the English soldier and sailor would achieve all that could be done by valour, when the crisis came. None can exult more than the Conservatives in the powerful resources which lie in the mind and arm of the people, in the vigour of the public character, and in that sense of national honour which is the true parent of all national glory.

But this is what the Conservatives long since said to the Ministers — In Parliament, you are consulting

the visages of party when you ought to be looking to the nation. In the Cabinet, you are playing the poltron, when you ought to be the protector of Europe. In your Foreign Relations, you are placing a weak reliance on the art of despatching notes round Europe, when you ought to be sending a fleet into the Mediterranean. The Conservatives asked — If France, in that violence which characterises her factions, should rush into war to-morrow, where is our Channel Fleet? where are our regular troops, if she should execute her insolent and universal threat of invasion? or are we to trust the Channel to three guard-ships, or have no other resource to meet an invasion of fifty or one hundred thousand French troops, than the hasty levies of our volunteers? They said, "Be ready for either contingency. Prepare a fleet and army worthy of England. If war is necessary, we raise no objection; but let us be ready for it. Russia has a great navy afloat; France is filling every dockyard of the Channel and Mediterranean with ships of the first class. Why not meet this dangerous preparation by some effort on the defensive?" This was the language, too, of the whole naval body of the country.

But what were the Ministerial answers? Of every shape but the substantial one. They denied that there was any possibility of war: they denied the existence of a foreign fleet. The Russian were paper ships; the French were pasteboard. Finally, we had nothing more to do than to go to sleep, and let the

superhuman vigilance of Lord Palmerston watch for the safety of the empire.

The Conservatives now more urgently appealed to Parliament. Lord Ingestrie's motion compelled the Cabinet to act; and half-a-dozen ships were put in commission. Other motions forced a little more life into them, and each time—in the face of a ministerial protest, that we were only frightening ourselves with shadows, that the French Minister had no idea of war for Egypt or anything else; and that even if there were war, we might rely on our allies for irresistible naval succours—the Conservatives forced out a ship or two more. Those ships were sent to the Mediterranean, and those now form the bulk of that gallant fleet in whose successes we are rejoicing.

Of course, we do not charge a British Cabinet with wishing ruin to the country; but we state the conduct of the Conservatives; that their open and constant demand was to see our fleets and armies placed in a condition to fight successfully if they were to fight at all, or to secure the continuance of peace by showing ourselves prepared for even the reluctant and painful alternative of hostilities.

DECEMBER 15.—The body of Napoleon, brought from St. Helena by the permission of the British Government, was carried in a triumphal procession of great pomp through Paris, and deposited in the Temple of the Invalides.

The honours which France paid to the remains of

Napoleon, after the lapse of a quarter of a century from his fall, naturally revive the memory of that most singular and most dazzling character of European annals. We have no hesitation in regarding him as the most extraordinary being who has appeared in government since the Roman empire, if we are to estimate individual eminence by splendid ability and superb fortune.

The French Revolution was a perpetual demand, and a perpetual trial of all the prouder and more perilous qualities of the human mind. It was a triumphial chariot, which all men were invited to ascend; but, whirled along by steeds of such fierceness, that all who grasped the reins were dashed successively to the ground. NAPOLEON was the single exception. Almost from the moment of his appearing, he took and preserved the first rank.

He stands the first man of Republican France where all the old impediments to personal display had been equally removed before every man :—the first soldier of Europe, in the midst of an universal struggle for military glory ; the most magnificent, lofty, and despotic of sovereigns, in a land where his throne was founded on the ruins of the monarchy, and upheld by the multitude.

Napoleon is not to find his rival in sovereigns subduing only the savage clanships of early Europe, or coming calmly to the possession of hereditary thrones. Among all the great wielders of the sword, the Charlemagnes, Frederics, and Catherines, he is su-

preme: he moves in an element above them all. The beneficent and generous conquerors are of a higher class than either. The deliverers of their country, the assertors of the rights of nations, those illustrious minds which, necessarily mingling in the tumults of European conflict, yet fought and conquered only for the protection of mankind — the Maurice, the Gustavus Adolphus, the William the Third—belong to another class of historic existence. They more resemble, in their purposes and their power, those guardian spirits of nations which, unstained themselves, perform the stern but saving commands of Providence in our troubled world — possessed of vast means, gifted with great faculties, but wholly exerting them at the summons of duty. The others are like the creations of mythology—the Homeric deities — beings of mighty strength and splendour, but inflamed by human passions and corrupted by human crimes, prone to mingle in the conflicts of men, to stoop from their golden heights for the feeble prizes of mortal ambition, and waste their thunders on the mortal field.

In his life the matters important to posterity will not be the personal incidents, so much as the circumstances of the time, their bearing on his progress, and the extraordinary influence by which, after being carried along the current of events for a period, he suddenly became master of its course, and thenceforth ruled it according to his will. Napoleon, born in 1769, and, educated for the military service, had

distinguished himself so highly at the siege of Toulon in 1793, when he was but twenty-four, as to obtain the notice of the army and the government. His next scene was Paris. The attack of the armed populace on the Directory compelled the trembling faction in power to forget philosophy, and take refuge behind the soldier. Napoleon was pointed out by Barras. While the Directory were in instant expectation of being dragged to the scaffold, still wet with the blood of that embodying of Jacobinism, Robespierre—Barras put the young Corsican at the head of their troops, with the brief, but expressive character—"Here is an officer who is ready for anything." That officer realized the promise; swept the armed Sections before his guns; and the child of the Revolution, like the Roman parricide, made his first step to the throne, by treading on the body of his parent.

But it is from 1796 that we must date his career as a soldier. French Liberty had commenced by cheating all mankind. It was swindling, on the largest scale ever practised on the credulity of man. With the loftiest maxims of human welfare continually on its lips, all its invention (and it was boundless) was employed in a subtle study of the means of disturbing the reason, and embittering the miseries of nations. Nothing could be more pompous in its structure, or richer in its decorations than the altar which it erected to universal benevolence; but the incense on that altar was poison, and the flame was

kindled to blind, not to illumine. No jugglery of heathenism was ever more false or foul than the priestcraft of the solemn hierarchs, who ministered in the white robes of philosophy at the shrine of French freedom. In our day, human feelings, and the respect which honourable minds desire to retain for human nature, even in its lowest state, can scarcely suffer us to conceive the utter falsehood, the atrocious malignity, the simple, unalloyed wickedness which constituted the spirit of the Revolution. Its especial character was blood. Like its prototype, "it was a murderer from the beginning." Even in its first hours it showed a thirst for slaughter, which stamped its nature. The acclamations of Europe, which, struck with its sudden vigour, its lofty protestations, and the bold rapidity of its stride over the wrecks of feudalism, had followed its early progress, soon died away. Still it rushed on, flinging aside at every step some portion of that Jesuitical mask which it first wore; hourly rending away with a more contemptuous hand some fragment of those ties which allied it to the common family of nations; until, at length, it stood on the steps of the throne, tore down its unfortunate possessor, and with the guillotine for its footstool, and the populace for its ministers, seated itself in full supremacy of ruin.

From this period it assumed a new form. It had hitherto been a civil evil—the assassin and incendiary of France—a frenzied liberty preying on the nation. It was thenceforth to become an European tormentor;

a tyranny threatening or trampling on all governments; an iron domination, either crushing the people of Europe into abject slavery, or dragging them in chains to the field, to make slaves of others. All had hitherto been delusion, the promise of universal peace and prosperity. Satan had taken the garb of an angel of light. The deception had now done its work, and the angel was the evil spirit again in his supremacy, "a giant armed."

The limited Monarchy had first taken the shape of the free Republic—the Republic had now assumed the darkening features of the Democracy. The Democracy, possessed of absolute power at home, looked for proselytism, to be repaid by plunder abroad. Then arose the Propaganda. France found in her contagion a new and a cheaper element of war, and she despatched her lepers to spread their mortality. Revolutionary doctrines made straight the way for revolutionary conquests; and when she poured forth her armies at once over Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, like streams of miasmata shooting from one centre, she found sovereigns and subjects equally enfeebled; Europe already at her feet, its whole public strength prostrate, the whole frame of society sicklied and subdued, before a hand was raised to push it into the grave.

Napoleon's conquest of Italy was the most brilliant triumph in the history of the Republic. The conqueror rose instantly into fame. He threw a light upon the nation, which reflected the lustre back upon

himself, and made him the most conspicuous soldier of his country. Another change was to exhibit him the uncontrolled and uncontrollable sovereign.

Pride is the grand temptation of all the higher order of human minds. The passion to seize power is the passion of Republics; to retain it, of Despotisms. Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, had already reached the summit of military renown. But this elevation had only showed him that there was a still loftier height to be attained. The diadem glittered in his eye; yet the Republic lay, a great chasm between. To give time for its filling up, he projected a design which exhibited at once the ambition, the daring, and the recklessness, of his genius. "The expedition to Egypt," said he, long afterwards, "was meant for the conquest of Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey in Europe. I would then have marched to France." He would have thrown the ruins of the east on the west, and on both have piled up his throne. Of all the dreams of human ambition on record, this was the most boundless; and if it is ever to be achieved by man, it will be by the combined sagacity and daring, the inexhaustible perseverance, and the burning ambition, of a spirit resembling Napoleon, in all but his fall. Throughout his whole career, from this hour, he retained the idea of ranging man into two great divisions. "The east," said he, in his memorable conversation with Fox, "is one great family; the west is another. Whoever sets the nations of either at war, breeds dissension in a

family. All should be at peace with each other." All in the slavery which he called peace, that all might submit to the tyranny which he called empire. With Napoleon, alone of all sovereigns, perpetual conquest was a principle. He declared, that war was essential to the government of France; and, for the first time among nations, openly proclaimed the maxim, which is not yet forgotten in the restless mind of his country; that power is the essential object of all policy; and territorial aggrandizement a justifiable cause of war. At the head of a world of slaves, France was only to be first slave.

Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven, had been made Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy. Even then he had a prophetic sense of his triumphs. "In twelve months," said he, "I shall be either dead, or an old General." Within those twelve months he fought the battles of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, and was the first General of Europe. He lost Italy by the campaign of Egypt; but in 1800, at the head of the Republic, as First Consul, he won it back at Marengo—the most perilous of his victories, but the most comprehensive—the battle which sealed the fate of the Republic, of Europe, and of himself. From that day, he saw nothing between him and the throne. From that field he took up his diadem.

Another change was to exhibit him in a new character, and Europe in new trials. Popery had long corrupted continental life. Courts, cabinets, and

people were alike profligate; and the Romish robe, which had suffocated their original virtues, had melted away their national vigour. The European governments were decrepit accumulations of power. The partition of Poland, an act of enormous guilt, filled the cup of wrath; and the fierce hand of France was commissioned to hold it to their lips. The world has never seen an example of unconscious justice more complete, more sudden, or more condign. Austria was the first attacked. In 1805, her armies, which had so long and so gallantly fought the Republicans, were suddenly swept before the French Emperor, like the harvest before the scythe.—In three months, she laid down her arms in Vienna!—In 1806, Prussia, the land of soldiership, the camp of the Great Frederick, which had baffled France, Austria, and Russia, for a succession of years, was crushed in a day!—In 1807, the Russian Emperor was hunted into his own territories, and after the desperate battles of Eylau and Friedland, was forced to sign the treaty of Tilsit—a treaty, which placed the virtual sceptre of the Continent in the hand of the conqueror. But from this moment his star was to fall into eclipse. As the war of the Revolution was the mightest struggle ever seen by Europe, involving the highest interests, the greatest combinations of power, the creation and fall of thrones, it was to be made the source of a still more solemn lesson. As the clouds of the early collision cleared off, a great moral was to be seen emerging. The Good and Evil

Principles became more distinct, until they engrossed the field. The minor contests died away, and the fate of nations was seen suspended on the issue of the contest between France and England—between France, sanguinary, seeking all things by force, and contemptuous of all religion ; and England, the protectress of human right, the asserter of universal justice, and the worshipper of the purest faith of Christianity.

If man is to be taught a belief in Providence, by the strongest proof that facts can give, he must be taught by the facts of this great war. It is memorable that, during a quarter of a century of battle, of continual changes of continental fortune, and of her most active and unhesitating alliance with the fallen thrones, England never suffered any one great casualty, was never defeated in a pitch battle, never lost a fleet, nor a colony—that from the time when the war became naval, with all the world against her, she fought and triumphed in a succession of the most glorious victories — that when, after having closed up the ocean against Napoleon, she was summoned, in her habitual clientship of human rights, to protect the rising independence of Spain, she commenced a career of conquest unbroken by a single defeat, a constancy of success to which Europe has no parallel,—a great triumphal era of seven years,—a march marked by continual trophies, from the shores of Portugal to the plains of the Netherlands, and finishing by the twofold capture of the enemy's

capital, the extinction of their empire, and the captivity of the Emperor himself, until his mortal career was closed. Thus lived and died Napoleon.

Never was there in human annals a more striking lesson of the utter instability of fortune. Rising to a sudden and unrivalled eminence, which more reminds us of the work of some magnificent imagination than the realities of the world;—ascending from the tumults and darkness of the democracy, like Milton's master fiend, and not unlike him in his intellect, his universal power, and his fierce hostility to the peace of man; we see him, like the Tempter, suddenly doomed to feel a still more powerful hand—to be stricken in the moment of his proudest elevation—to find himself the denizen of darkness and the dungeon—to hear—

"Around a dismal universal hiss"—

and while he involved all his daring and brilliant confederates in his fall, know that his ruin was but retribution. Napoleon was the only European Sovereign on record whose personal overthrow brought down the whole fabric of his empire—all whose princedoms perished with himself—the only Emperor who died in the chain.

We do not say those things in a spirit of vain glory, but in deep humility and solemn reverence. We attribute the triumphs of England to higher causes than the sword of man. We look for the

lustre which shone round her helmet in hours when all else in Europe was dark, to a nobler region than is trodden even by the loftiest step of human ambition. But we are not thus taught merely to exult in the past; we learn to hope in the future. Having discovered the true fount of all victory, we have but to keep the path open to the spring,—to make war only in the spirit of justice, and peace only in the spirit of sincerity.

The honours now paid to the remains of Napoleon are a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the French idea of true greatness. The character of men is to be determined only by the ultimate results of their actions. The spirit of Napoleon was selfishness—sometimes superb and regal—sometimes dark and malignant —sometimes the brilliancy and bound of the serpent—sometimes the slime and the fang, but the serpent still. His wars cost France two millions of lives; his trophies were gained only to embitter defeat by their resumption; his victories only pampered the national pride, until they brought the Cossacks from their deserts to parade the streets of Paris. In all his triumphs over thrones, he did nothing for the people. Aggrandizing his family at the expense of Europe, he degraded France by a continued exercise of her vassalage. If he gave her provinces, he gave them exhausted by military plunder, and exhausted her revenue to supply the waste of his usurpation. If he conquered, every new conquest added a link to the chain, which bound her

limbs. If Napoleon had remained on her throne to this hour, France would have remained a slave ; her land but a larger bastile ; her people but a conscription governed by gendarmes ; her laws a theory ; and her Sovereign a tyrant scoffing at the name of freedom, and ruling by the scourge and the sword.

But all is now over, and unless his country is incapable of being taught, his double burial may bring before her eyes a lesson against the desire of conquest, well worth all the pageant. If she will pervert his tomb into an altar from which she is to propagate revolution, or light the torches of European war from his funeral pile, she must only bring upon the nation the vengeance which extinguished the man. But we are more willing to regard this striking and stately ceremonial as a pledge of general conciliation ; as a public acknowledgement that war is a frenzy ; as a calm and solemn committal of the principle of conquest to the grave, with the reliques of the conqueror. There let them sleep, and Earth begin a new career. A quarter of a century has been interposed ; his generation has vanished ; we are already posterity ; and, passing the true judgment on his errors and his ambition, we can do justice to his talents, the grandeur of his conceptions, and even the fearful majesty of that march which left such burning tracks on the soil of Europe. We can now look upon his career as we do on the thunder-storm, when it has descended to the horizon ; when the sun shines again, when its roar is still, and we gaze in

delight and wonder at the gigantic shapes and dazzling colours of its clouds, as they roll off the face of Heaven.

SCIENCE.

The "view of the year" would be imperfect, without some reference to the general advance of the human intellect, in its power over nature, its increase of knowledge, and its new instruments of science. Our view must be brief; but it contains some objects of remarkable interest to the mechanist, the astronomer, the geologist, and the philosopher.*

MECHANISM.

The use of iron in the building of steam-ships has been generally established during the year. The grounds are, the durability of the vessels, the less liability to accident, and the facility of their repairs. In all probability, a year or two more will see the use of timber for the hulls wholly discontinued. Some very noble iron vessels are now at sea, and performing admirably.

The *Archimedes* lately made an experimental trip

* We have been indebted for the chief heads of this recapitulation of science, to a very ingenious and pleasing volume, entitled the "Year-book of Facts in Science and Art," published by TILT, in Fleet-street, for 1841.

round England, 1722 miles in 210 hours, on an average 8½ miles an hour, in all states of the wind and tide; which is considered as a remarkable feat.

The *Mammoth*, building by the Great Western Ship Company at Bristol, will measure 3,600 tons—about 600 more than any other ship in existence. The saving of room by her being built of iron will admit of her carrying coals for both the outward and home voyages—a matter of much importance, from the inferior quality of the American coal. Her engines are of 1,000 horse power. She will be enabled also to carry an unusual quantity of canvas, and is expected to make the passage of the Atlantic in *ten* days!

An extraordinary speed has been attained by other iron steamers. The *Sons of the Thames*, with a pair of 37 horse engines, lately ran from Blackwall to Gravesend (20 miles) in an hour and eleven minutes.

The *Eclipse*, built by Messrs. Napier, has also exhibited singular speed. With one engine of 100 horse power, she ran from Deptford to Margate (above 80 miles) in four hours and a half.

The *Stromboli*, an iron war steamer, built for service in India, is a vessel of great power. She carries six guns, which will send balls of .105 lbs. weight three miles point blank. Each gun weighs 65 cwts., but by the ingenuity of their mounting, they are worked with the ease of a carronade.

The *Nemesis*, a noble vessel, is the first iron steamer that ever doubled the Cape. She has two engines of 120 horse power, is of 650 tons burthen, carries two

32-pounders and ten swivels, and is manned by fifty seamen. Being nearly flat-bottomed, she can be easily run on shore, and thus land troops without the necessity of having boats. Her voyage will yet be among the records of navigation. She left Portsmouth with secret orders on March 28; reached Madeira in seven days; then proceeded steaming and sailing alternately till she reached Table Bay on July 1, gallantly facing the most tempestuous season of the year. Some damage sustained in those tremendous gales, detained her for repairs at Delgoa Bay three weeks. She then steered for Mozambique, and finally passing through the Maldives, reached Point de Galle.

RAILWAYS.

The lines of railway opened, partially opened, or completed this year, amount to twenty-six. The whole number of miles are about 500.

The electro-magnetic telegraph is in operation on the Blackwall railway. It conveys intelligence from end to end of the line in three seconds!

PRINTING.

A most benevolent use of this first of all inventions has been exhibited at the Blind Asylum in Glasgow—a Bible for the blind. This admirable work forms

fifteen volumes, quarto; the whole edition 3,500 volumes. The paper is printed only on one side, in order to allow of the relief which makes the letter sensible to the touch. The Glasgow Asylum has displayed meritorious industry, it having published no less than 10,000 volumes for the blind.

PAPIER MACHE.

The use of papier machè in architectural ornaments has long been known, but a Mr. Bielefeld has lately brought it to an unexpected degree of perfection. By the use of steam power and other expedients it is rendered capable of forming almost everything ornamental. It takes all shapes and colours, from the boldest to the most delicate forms. It covers ceilings, gallery fronts, organs, picture frames, and furniture, with the most beautiful foliage, flowers, arabesques, — everything that can present the finest forms of art or nature.

It copies the higher works of art with equal fidelity, and can finish a Venus de Medicis with the rapidity of a plaster cast, of one-sixth the weight, and altogether superior in beauty, durability, and cheapness. It is applicable alike to the exterior decoration of architecture and to the interior; it resists time, weather, and decay, and is beautiful in all.

STEAM-BRIDGE.

A striking use of the steam-engine has been adopted at Portsmouth; it is a floating-bridge, seventy feet long and sixty feet wide, impelled by two engines of twenty-horse power, and making the passage (2,200 feet) at the speed of about 350 feet a minute. The bridge draws, with all its machinery, but two feet. This capital invention will naturally supersede the awkward contrivances of bridges of boats on the great European rivers, will not improbably decrease the formidable expense of building bridges, and must greatly facilitate communication in colonies and new settlements in every part of the world.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The scientific researches into the laws, properties, and influences of Terrestrial Magnetism, have assumed a form of great importance. This great agent, which has hitherto been supposed to be limited to its use in the mariner's compass, now seems to be developing itself in every operation of nature; the temperature of the earth and air; the currents of the ocean; vegetation; the course of the winds; possibly the circulation of the blood; heat; light; the formation of metallic veins; the colour and crystallization of precious stones; meteors; the aurora.

The interest of the subject has so strongly excited the philosophers of Europe, that it has produced the first instance of a great scientific combination in every quarter of the globe, for the express purpose of collating the phenomena. Upwards of thirty stations have been already appointed in Europe, India, Africa, and America, furnished with instruments, and prepared to register observations. The result, will probably be the most important additions to science, at once profound and practical. In magnetism, we evidently have possessed ourselves of one of the keys of Nature.

ANIMAL CHALK.

A few years ago Professor Ehrenberg announced the singular discovery, that the grains of chalk consisted of elliptical particles, apparently crystallised. His subsequent researches have enabled him to announce that a large portion of all the chalk which he has examined in various parts of the world consists of countless microscopical animalculæ, hitherto unknown, at the rate of ten millions in a pound of chalk. His general conclusion is, that all the strata of chalk in Europe are the produce of microscopic animalculæ.

MUSCÆ VOLITANTES.

There are few studious persons, who are not acquainted with the existence of lines and webs which

seem to be floating in the eye, and which render them uneasy, from the apprehension that they are the precursors of loss of sight. A paper by Sir D. Brewster pronounces them wholly harmless, and gives us what he declares to be their true theory :— First, that in persons of the purest sight, and of all ages, transparent filaments will frequently be found floating in the vitreous humour; that the *muscæ* are knots of those filaments, produced by their accidentally overlapping each other; and finally, that the vitreous humour is divided into cells, which prevent any bodies contained in them from passing into other cells. If this theory be true, it will be a source of great satisfaction to thousands who look with habitual terror on those floating filaments, in the dread that they will finally cover the vision.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

A machine has been invented by a Mr. Taylor, for turning in wood, metal, or ivory, by electro-magnetism. Masses of iron are fixed in the rim of a wheel, which is set in motion by the electro-magnets. The effect is described as most curious. The wheel moves with perfect regularity, without any apparent cause of motion, the agent being wholly invisible to the senses. It is presumed that this power may be augmented to any required extent; and if so, it might be yet rendered one of the most admirable and important aids ever offered to man.

Professor Jacobi, in a paper read to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, states that he has succeeded, by the application of electro-magnetism to machinery, in propelling a boat holding fourteen persons, at the rate of three miles an hour, the force produced being equal to five-sixths of one-horse power. His instrument was a battery of sixty-four plates. If those discoveries shall be rendered practical; steam, with all its perils of fire, the expense of fuel, and the wear of machinery, will be superseded.

ELECTROTYPES.

This recent and beautiful art has made striking advances. A mode has been lately discovered of making a copper-plate engraving without an engraving in the first instance. It is thus done:—Let the subject be drawn upon a smooth copper-plate with any thick pigment insoluble in water; then expose the plate to the influence of the current, when the copper will gradually grow over the drawing, and the electrotype, when removed, will be ready for printing. By another process, the metal will produce the drawing in *basso relievo*. This process obviously opens an almost unlimited means of producing, not merely copies of prints and pictures, but ornaments, medallions, and all objects of decoration and elegance. It may yet be employed in higher things—why not in printing? For this process, which seems chiefly due to Professor Jacobi, and which he names galvano-

plastics, he has received 25,000 silver rubles from the Russian Emperor, on condition of his giving a full detail of his discovery to Europe.

CHEMISTRY.

A most important discovery has been lately made in metallurgy, by the application of electro-chemical power to gold, silver, copper, and lead. The object of M. Becquerel, the operator, was to refine those metals without the aid of quicksilver. This operation is now performed with such rapidity in the preparatory foundry at Paris, that four pounds weight of silver can be daily drawn from the ore. By this discovery, it is probable that a vast quantity of the inferior ores of South America, too poor to pay the expense of quicksilver, will be brought into use. The silver ores of those countries found most difficult of amalgamation, are those containing a large portion of copper and arsenic. They are frequently regarded as of so little value, that they are used as ballast. The point was, to obtain, at a slight expense, in separate portions, all the silver, copper, and arsenic which they contained. This problem has now been solved.

Russia abounds in minerals; yet she has but few silver mines, her chief produce being gold and platina dust, obtained by washing. Imperfect as this process is, it last year produced platina to the value of £800,000.

Two formidable evils have been lately overcome by chemical science: the solution of muriate of zinc has been found successful in resisting the dry rot; and the poisonous effects of arsenic have found a complete antidote in the hydrated peroxide of iron. Administered even within six hours after swallowing the poison, it recovered the patient, and the peroxide was found to be changed into arseniate of iron; thus establishing its claims as a specific.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

This discovery is evidently but the beginning of more — one of the *desiderata*, that of transferring the colours of objects, is nearly attained already. In France, a plate has been produced transferring the red brick colour of a house.

In India, by adopting a solution of gold, various tints have been produced, from a light rose colour, through purple, down to black, and a green. In America, by means of a lens and a héliostadt, converging the moonbeams on a plate, a very strong impressions was formed in half an hour. Another experiment has given the general figure of the moon, with the spots, though yet indistinct. Further application of lenses and solutions will brobably give maps of the moon, and of the stars, with an accuracy hitherto unattained; perhaps maps of every country on earth. A station on the summit of a range of mountains, or in a balloon, may yet be all that is

necessary to map a province, the course of a river, the boundaries of a colony, or the shores of the ocean.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

The improvements which are gradually taking place in the neighbourhood of London ought to excite the rivalry of our country towns. Every town, and even every village in England, ought to have four things for the recreation and health of the people—a large swimming bath, open for the refreshment of the labourers after they return from their work;—a cricket-ground;—a park and garden of a few acres, for the evening walks of the people;—and a ball-court, for the amusement and exercise of the young. All might be easily formed by subscription, and kept in order by the care of a committee of the inhabitants. It would be a noble opportunity for the men of fortune in their neighbourhood, to signalize their practical benevolence; the price of a couple of race-horses would accomplish any one of the entire.

As an example, we set before our nobility the gift which Mr. Strutt, of Derby, has just made to his townsmen. He has presented to trustees, for the public use for ever, eleven acres of ground, which he has ornamented as an arboretum. This, we admit, is the costly work of a man of large means, and of larger spirit; the arboretum being composed of the

most rare and valuable trees, so arranged, as to form a study for the visitor. It is said to have cost £16,000 —a sum which, of course, could not be required on general occasions.

Mr. Strutt, in presenting those gardens to his townsmen, says, gracefully and generously, "As the sun has shone brightly on me through life, it would be ungrateful in me not to employ a portion of the fortune which I possess, in promoting the welfare of those among whom I live, and by whose industry I have been aided in its acquisition."

This is the language of a Manufacturer, worthy to be a Noble. We recommend it to the peerage. How much manlier, more generous, and even wiser, is this use of wealth, than its wild waste in gaming and racing, or its employment in the purchase of estate on estate; or, worst of all, its hoarding, till it amounts to an enormous sum, grasped hard, until it is torn from the miserable hoarder in the grave.

GEOLOGY.

A museum has been established by the Department of Woods and Forests, for specimens of metalic ores, ornamental marbles, building stones, and all minerals produced in England, and applicable to the arts of life. It will also contain models of mining machinery, metallurgic results obtained from the furnace, a laboratory, &c. A department will be assigned to agricultural improvements and materials, clays, rocks,

&c. A third department will contain records and documents relating to all subterraneous operations. Mining and civil engineering schools are also in progress throughout England.

The average produce of the British mines is about £20,000,000 sterling, of which nine millions arise from coal and eight from iron. The miners in Cornwall alone amount to 28,000.

ASTRONOMY.

Professor Bessel's memorable discovery of the parallax of the fixed stars, in 61 cygni, has been followed up by further observations, all confirming the fact of the parallax. This gives the distance of probably the nearest fixed star from the sun, amounting to five hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred times the semidiameter of the earth's orbit; or five hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred times ninety-two millions of miles! a distance that absolutely overwhelms the imagination; and yet this astonishing space probably vanishes in comparison with the distance of the nearest Nebula. What must be the forces by which such orbs are sustained, the grandeur of the purposes for which they were created, the Power which created them, the science which regulates their motions from age to age, the conceptions of government which have assigned the moral laws of those mighty regions, and which combine them all in one vast plan of benevolence!

What boundless and noble contemplations must be furnished in those worlds to the mind of man relieved from the burden of the earth; and to those higher intellectual beings who administer to the Supreme will throughout the universe!

"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD!"

THE END.

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